



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 33 – Number 2

June 2015

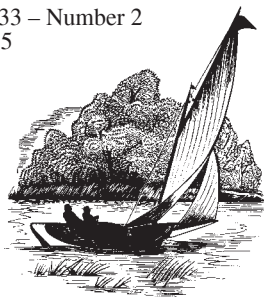
**Special Features This Issue**  
Snowbird in the Glades – We Paddle the Pacific  
Beetle Cat Boat Shop – Buffalo Maritime Center  
Crab Claw Cat – *Persistence* – On to *Punkin Seed*



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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 33 – Number 2  
June 2015



US subscription price is \$32 for one year. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St  
Wenham, MA 01984-1043  
Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

As you read your way through this issue you may note how many of the articles are taken from other publications, mostly local small craft group newsletters. These are a great source of news about what is happening out there and the sharing of their news with all of us provides insights into how this game is being played and spreads the word about each group way beyond its own membership. While I value the articles from individuals about their adventures afloat and projects ashore, the reports on group activities do help fill each of our issues and are broadly illustrative of what this messing about in boats is all about.

From *Dinghy Cruising*, the journal of Great Britain's Dinghy Cruising Association, we have the first part of a short series on the "Hafren Round-Britain Challenge," in which the author explains, "Our goal was to reaffirm the ability of the Wayfarer as a long distance cruising dinghy by demonstrating good seamanship sailing both day and night." I've extolled *Dinghy Cruising* before for its content, a spectacular full color quarterly club magazine describing a small boating way of life we can only greatly admire and perhaps wish to emulate.

While not yet from a formal newsletter, regular contributor Greg Grundtisch's "Buffalo Maritime Center Spring Update" details how this still abuilding museum is developing opportunities for those interested to take part as volunteers working on the boats in the collection. For those unable, or not yet ready, to get into small boat building on their own, this (like those at other maritime museums) is a great opportunity to do so as part of a group.

The John Gardner Chapter of the TSCA has a rather unique situation within that umbrella organization, being named after its founder, the godfather of traditional small craft, and meeting and working on their own collection of boats in a waterfront "community boating" facility on Connecticut State University property. How many of us could ever afford to mess about in so appropriate a location? Their online newsletter now includes "Small Craft Notes" by Sharon Brown, long time associate of John Gardner, former manager of Mystic Seaport's Boat-house and a contributor of small boat history articles in bygone issues of *MAIB*.

*The Mainsheet*, online newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter of the TSCA, has been sharing news of its activities and those of its members for a long time on our pages.

This inside look at the activities of such a group and its individual members provides potential encouragement to others thinking about getting involved.

The East End Classic Boat Society has its own waterfront "Community Boatshop" in Amagansett, Long Island, New York, in which members pursue boat building projects and present public activities encouraging interest in traditional small boats, another wonderful opportunity for those without their own facility for messing about in boats to get involved.

From "Canoe Sailor," newsletter of the ACA Canoe Sailors, we get occasional features germane to our interests, in this issue, Larry Haff's "Building and Sailing a Hawaiian Outrigger Canoe."

And then there is the "Tiki Hut," a sort of alternative approach to group boat building. It's a pretty exclusive bunch of "older guys," each working on their own boat in a common outdoorsy "shop" in always sunny Florida. Dave Lucas regularly reports on the phenomenal production these guys turn out, often using radical concepts and processes. Unlike typical group efforts where helping out is part of the fun, they have a standing rule, "Don't even THINK about asking if you can help!" A fascinating contrast in outlook and attitude amongst us.

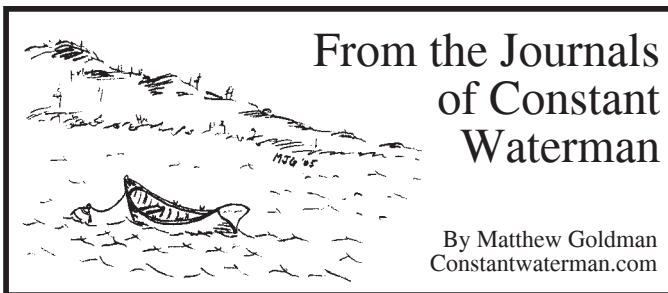
There are others, absent from this issue, who share their news with us from time to time such as the Norumbega Chapter of the Wooden Canoe Association and the big ship builders at Maine's First Ship. I really appreciate their generosity in sharing their news with us beyond their own memberships. While this may somewhat resemble the approach of the *Readers Digest*, all your individual stories offset this to further enhance our outreach.

*MAIB* is itself an outgrowth of a newsletter beginning, back around 1980 I became fascinated by traditional small boats and undertook to meet others by organizing a local group which ultimately became a TSCA Chapter. I was in the business of publishing a monthly magazine so it was but a small effort to do up a four page copy shop newsletter to further enhance our group's outreach and it worked very well. When an opportunity that arose to take on the TSCA *Ash Breeze* in early 1983 didn't work out, it was just another small step to launch *MAIB*. Now here we are 32 years later still functioning as a sort of extended reach newsletter.

## On the Cover...

Paddling Florida's Everglades National Park continues to fascinate and it once again lured Reinhard Zollitsch from Maine's killer winter on a solo 15 day, 186 mile adventure, his report is featured in this issue starting on page 8.





Sitting at a table in the bar of the Dock and Dine in Old Saybrook, Connecticut, sipping a glass of merlot as I wait to address the Shoreline Sailing Club. My lovely river runs by the window, spread wide to meet the salt embrace of the sea. The farther shore, the better part of a mile away, is merely a low-lying band of green, the individual trees indistinguishable.

I've driven the tread off the tires of my little truck today, trying to sell my books, or to encourage others to sell them for me. The smaller bookshops are "waiting for boating season." They can't afford inventory that does no more than ballast their shelves. But I found, on the second pass, a brand new bookshop in Essex. So new that all the books squeaked when I opened them. The owner waxed ecstatic over my journals.

"I need to develop my sailing section," she said. You must understand that Essex is Connecticut's self proclaimed sailing Mecca. The building, sailing, and worshipping of wind-powered craft is the focus of every Essex resident over the age of four. The eighteenth century Griswold Inn, at the foot of Main Street, is thronged all summer long by sailors in white duck trousers and boating shoes. A chanteuse man has performed at the "Gris" every week for thirty years that I know of. The Essex Yacht Club is so exclusive that people without a tan are not allowed in. The sparkling winches of many yachts at Essex are often confused with aids to navigation. A bookstore in Essex without hundreds of sailing books had better serve excellent coffee.

So I did my bit and showed the owner my press release, four book reviews, and a piece in the paper that praised me for using words of more than one syllable. I clapped my flippers, rolled over, and balanced my book on my nose. I gave her my business card. She wrote her name and address on a blank card for me. "My cards are still at the printer's," she explained.

"Oh," I said. "You haven't been open long."

"Since Saturday," she said.

"What did you do before you sold books?" I asked.

"Well," she said. "I was a pastor. In Bethlehem."

I can understand the demands of that job in such a location might suffice to daunt the stoutest heart, even though this Bethlehem was only in western Connecticut. "In that case, you'll approve of my book," I told her. "There aren't any dirty words or naked women."

"Oh," she laughed. "They wouldn't bother me any. I'm really a normal person."

"In that case," I said, "perhaps I could add some sketches of naked women." I'm never quite sure how to appeal to pastors who run bookstores.

Night has now settled upon the Connecticut River. I sip my wine as I write and look at the water. The placid tide laps at the old green pilings beneath my window. The waves would not dismay a child's toy boat. The gulls and ducks and cormorants have hied to their roosting places. I cannot see either lighthouse from where I sit. The waiter brings me a plate of crisp calamari. I consult my chart to locate the cocktail sauce. A couple I know from the sailing club stops by to pay their respects. I invite them to sit with me, but they're having dinner with some members in the next room. I think the word, "sailboat," occurs at least once during our four minute conversation. They leave me alone to eat and drink and write.

The couple at the next table pays their bill. At the mention of "sailboat," their sonar receptors swivel in my direction. They put their helm down and set a course for my table. "What do you know about places to dock a sailboat for the summer?" they ask. "We crew for a fellow whose racing boat draws seven and a half feet." We talk about marinas for a while. Then I digress and talk about local hazards to navigation such as LORAN. I take on the role of the notorious Jetty Sea Serpent. This is commonly known as method acting. I show them my book, give them each a business card, and make them swim ashore.

Now I have but fifteen minutes before my reading is scheduled to begin. Fortunately, I've little to prepare, and the Shoreline Sailing Club meets in the ballroom just beyond the bar. I try to finish writing this story, but too many interruptions have interfered with my short attention span. Perhaps I'll find time to finish it tomorrow.



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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### CBMM Model Skipjack Races

Model skipjack races have commenced with a series continuing on select Sundays through October. The radio controlled (RC) sailing races are organized by the museum's Model Sailing Club, which meets regularly throughout the year to build and race these models. Upcoming race dates include June 14, July 19, August 17 and October 18, with the public invited to watch from the museum's Fogg's Cove waterfront.

Built in the early 20th century, the sail-powered skipjack was once a cost effective working boat used by watermen for oyster dredging. Today, only a few remain working on the Cthesapeake Bay.

The club races RC models of these two sailed bateaux, which, at full size, can vary from 38' to 48' feet in length. The 48" skipjack models are built from scratch from plans sold by the club at the Museum Store. Started in 1983 as the St Michaels Model Boat Club, CBMM's Model Sailing Club continues today through its many members and volunteers.

To learn more about the races, or to join the club, visit [www.cbmm.org](http://www.cbmm.org) or contact Commodore Gary Nylander at [gnylander@atlanticbb.net](mailto:gnylander@atlanticbb.net).



ing along CBMM's docks, with Saturday noted as the best day for seeing the most boats, and for walk on tours.

Scenic Miles River boat rides on the 1920 buyboat *Winnie Estelle* will be offered by CBMM throughout the three day festival. Fogg's Landing will feature the festival's Field of Dreams featuring a selection of pre-1976 classic boats for sale, along with other items in a nautical flea market. Among other family activities, children can make and sail their own small boats in a small pond or watch radio controlled model boats motor-ing and sailing out on Fogg's Cove. New this year will be a Kids in Boats program, which gives children and their adult chaper-ones the opportunity to get out on the water in a real boat.

For more information, call (410) 745-2916 or visit [www.cbmm.org/acbf](http://www.cbmm.org/acbf).

These sailing log canoes only race along the Chester, Miles and Tred Avon Rivers on Maryland's Eastern Shore. With long masts and large sails, these boats keep upright as they accelerate to speeds of 10 knots or more, with crew members climbing to the ends of 15' boards placed perpendicular to the boat itself.



Space is limited for all cruises, with advanced registration needed by contacting CBMM Education Assistant Allison Speight at [aspeight@cbmm.org](mailto:aspeight@cbmm.org) or (410) 745-4941.

The historic buyboat also runs four daily cruises on Fridays through Mondays through October, with tickets purchased at the museum on the day of your visit. *Winnie* is additionally available for private charters. For more information visit <http://cbmm.org/visit/tours/>.

### A Community Boathouse

This summer a community boathouse will be opening up at the public boat dock at Bartram's Garden, a 45 acre National Historic Landmark which consists of a garden, orchard, meadow and historic house situated on the west bank of the Schuylkill River in southwest Philadelphia. The boathouse will be two 40' shipping containers with a roofed courtyard in between. The containers will store a small fleet of kayaks, canoes and rowboats.

Starting June 20, free paddling will be available to the public, running every Saturday from 11am-3pm through September. Anyone who shows up will have the opportunity to canoe, kayak or row on this quiet stretch of river for 30 minutes. The goal is to get folks out on the water who have either never been paddling or have never been on this unique stretch of the Schuylkill.

In addition to the Saturday program, we hope to do much more once we are established. For example, weekday sunset paddles, longer trips to explore places like Hog Island and Mill Creek, skills training, wooden boat building and water quality testing. The possibilities are endless and in many ways will be determined by the volunteers.

We are looking for volunteers, particularly folks with small craft skills and an interest in helping get people of all ages on the water. We are also looking for people to lead workshops on everything from paddling safely to canoe repair.

We also need BOATS! If you or someone you know has a kayak, canoe or other small boat you are willing to donate, please be in touch. Bartram's Garden is a 501c3 non profit, so all donations are tax writeoffs! The small craft that might be cluttering up your yard will be put to great use on the tidal Schuylkill River. Also needed are PFDS, paddles and oars.



### CBMM 28th

#### Antique & Classic Boat Festival

Wooden classics, vintage race boats, and other antique and Chesapeake Bay related boats are coming to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum June 19-21 for the 28th annual Antique & Classic Boat Festival. Hosted by the Chesapeake Bay Chapter of the Antique & Classic Boat Society, this Father's Day weekend event brings an era of bygone days to the Miles River and CBMM's waterfront campus.

More than 100 wooden classics and vintage boats will be on land and in the water for this ACBS judged boat show, including a selection of Chris Craft, Owens, Century, Donzi, Glaspar, Whirlwind, Shepherd, Trumpy, Lyman and more. Boats range from runabouts to yachts, including race boats, workboats, launches, hydroplanes and utilities. Some of the boats will be paired with a selection of antique and classic cars of the same time period. Additionally, owners of some of the restored yachts and cabin cruisers will offer board-

### CBMM Special Cruises

#### Aboard *Winnie Estelle* This Summer

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is ramping up its on the water programming with a series of ecology cruises and log canoe race watching cruises aboard its 1920 buyboat, the *Winnie Estelle*.

On June 23 guests can join CBMM Director of Education Kate Livie for a personal exploration of the Miles River and its unique habitat and ecology. The cruise will be offered again on July 23. During the Miles River ecology cruise, participants will learn how to monitor the water quality of the river, perform water testing and explore the critters on an oyster reef. Birders will enjoy the route, known for its eagle and osprey sightings. Families with children are encouraged to participate.

On June 27 the Museum is offering the opportunity to view Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoe races along the Miles River while aboard *Winnie Estelle*. The opportunity will be offered again on July 25 and September 19. Boarding is limited, with advanced registration encouraged as these cruises fill early.



If you are interested in volunteering, this online questionnaire has much more information: <http://goo.gl/forms/InSV7n2bX9>.

If you are interested in leading a program or donating a boat, please email me at [danielle@bartramsgarden.org](mailto:danielle@bartramsgarden.org) or call me at (267) 243-5231.

Danielle Redden, River Programs Manager

## Designs...

### The Babe

Designed by Bolger, built by Payson, the *Babe* "sails like a witch" (Bolger quote) and I agree. Still sailing at 83! And still enjoying *MAIB*.

Paul Bunnell, Windemere, FL



## Information Wanted...

### How Much Water?

I have a question about how much water flows through a hole in the hull at a given depth. What is the impact of the displacement of the vessel "pushing" the water away from the hull to keep the vessel afloat? That is, would a heavier boat have a faster inflow for a hole at a given depth than a lighter boat? If any readers are interested in answering the question I would be delighted to hear from them.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL, [sisu26@netally.com](mailto:sisu26@netally.com)

## Opinions...

### Where are the Stories?

The chatter on the *Duckworks* forum resulting from my riff cum editorial (April "Commentary") stirred up at least a momentary dust storm. If there was a point to my comments, it's that it should be OK to take a pratfall or two in public. Judging by the outpouring of comment and apparent agreement that I "got it wrong" and that the real culprit is student debt and other inter generational economic warfare, all I gotta say is that pratfalls are in short supply.

Where are the stories of taking a "free" rowboat and plugging the leaks and teaching an eight year old how to row? Where are the stories of a Gen Xer and his trusted crew

of desperados building a raft and becoming shipwrecked on a desolate coast with but a small handful of salted nuts among them? (And then finding their way to civilization on their own devices.)

I live in an area populated mostly by retired people who squander their remaining years on large lakefront homes, expensive boats, new cars and winters in Arizona. There are more toys per square inch here than at Disneyland. I, for one, have all but begged and pleaded to have a kid or three show up and simply USE one or more of my boats. At the merest hint that a grandchild or nephew might be interested in water skiing, I have gone out and built a ski boat. At the shimmer of possibility there would be follow up, I've conducted spontaneous lessons on everything from basic swimming to tree climbing with kids here at our beach club. And know what? Almost without exception, the Gen X parents of these kids sit in convivial groups, being grownups, while I'm out rolling in the pine needles or doing cannonballs with their kids.

Inevitably the parents are "too busy" to bring the kid(s) back out to the lake on anything resembling regularity. They are certainly TOO BUSY to help with maintenance tasks or volunteer responsibilities. And I'll offer a simple rebuttal.

It's the same 24 hours of time from midnight to midnight that we had back "then." Teachable moments have always been an ephemeral thing. And it's not just OK, it's ESSENTIAL that little kids learn to take risks and attempt to enlarge their horizons without instant gratification. A rotomolded kayak, tree limb and bedsheet and a pirate's aaarrrrggghhhhhh can make a wonderful first command. And a broken mast and torn mains'l, blown out in a gathering storm, make for wonderful campfire stories.

It's really OK to laugh at our own screw ups. It's OK to admit to taking unconventional paths. And it's simply not anybody's fault if we miss an opportunity or two. But believe me, LIFE IS WHAT HAPPENS WHILE WE ARE MAKING OTHER PLANS.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

## Projects...

### Robertson WCHA Project Wrap Up

As of May 1 our Robertson restoration project is now complete except for a final coat of paint. I would like to thank each and every one of our WCHA Norumbega Chapter members for their participation in this project over the past year. My thinking is that we can paddle it on Father's Day, put a scratch or two on it and give it the final coat of paint before it goes to the WCHA Assembly at Paul Smith's in July.

As a small reward for doing the hands-on work on the Robertson, one of our volunteers, chosen by a raffle of those interested, is going to have the opportunity to paddle it on our Father's Day event on the Sudbury and Concord Rivers. I will transport the Robertson to and from the event, the winner just has to get to Sherman's Bridge and paddle away.

For our next project I have a line on one, or possibly two, Kennebec canoes that we just may be able to get ready for the 2016 WCHA Assembly where Kennebec will be the featured builder.

Steve Lapey, Norumbega Chapter WCHA, Groveland, MA

## This Magazine...

### April Cover Comment

Oh? Come on now Bob, those frames aren't bent. They're sawn!

Nick Fast, Hilton Head Island, SC

### More About Toy

The first *Toy*, a dory, proved unsuccessful. What the scientists refer to as "negative results." First, I really don't like trailering, it's pretty far from the spontaneous act that I like to associate with boating. Second, I did not plan well, the dory *Toy* was very unstable during the transition from being on the trailer to fully launched with the weighted keel down. It took two to launch and retrieve. I never even bothered to sail the boat because of this and gave it to a young waterfront family. They have made a powered, workboat out of it.

I often find *MAIB* articles timely and useful. "Setting up a Small Camp Cruiser" helped me think about storage on my new *Toy*. I sewed a cloth with pockets that is screwed to the cabin aft side. Beats having equipment, supplies and tools rolling about in the bottom of the boat.

I thought I'd get back sooner with photos of the new *Toy* under sail in a breeze. However, life, tides and light weather conditions have all prevailed against these plans to date (end of March). I do have this photo of *Toy* cartopped, quite aerodynamic at highway speeds. I did a burn up on the freeway 20 miles with *Toy* atop, no problems and 55-60mph seemed comfortable.

Probably others have alerted you to the two page 14s in the March issue, "Ice Yachting 100 Years Ago." This is the best account of ice boating I've read. Not all clean sailing on slick ice.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA



**Editor Comments:** Our printer caught the duplication too late, the presses were already rolling.

### External Combustion

About your steam engine piece, the phrase that riveted me was "external combustion engine," as I had never thought of this contrasting classification to the later "internal combustion engine." Like you, I took steam trains to college, mine from Syracuse, New York, to Northampton, Massachusetts, as close as they got to Amherst. On Christmas break one huddled close to the steam pipe in the car despite the threat of scalding, while one's ass cooled in the drafts wafting through the car.

But in Syracuse the big thrill was the Empire State Express arriving with churning drive wheels and steam bursting from cylinders. The fun was to get as close on the platform to the streamlined locomotive as we dared with the steam blowing around us and no one seemed to think of death only inches away.

Bill Sayres, Largo, FL

### Re Reading for New Pearls

I continually return to past issues of *MAIB* for repeated pleasure or to discover a new pearl. Recently I enjoyed revisiting the string of pearls, "Beyond the Horizon," in the March issue. The history of the Navy Goat caught my attention as I'd just been listening to *Sailing Around the World* as an audiobook. Joshua Slocum certainly lost any appreciation for the goat he'd been given as a sailing companion. The beast chewed up a number of items on Slocum's boat, most critically a chart. That was the last straw, Captain Slocum put the goat ashore. Perhaps similar experiences account for how goats became common colonists of remote islands.

The December issue is also a favorite. It was the writings of Maurice Griffith and others about the Thames estuary and surrounding waters which pulled me from paddling toward sailing. Wishing for such waters may one day pull me from the West Coast back to the East. The West Coast (somewhat like its culture) is relatively immature, raw and rocky. I suspect the closest American equivalent to swales and swathways is to be found along the Carolina and Georgia coasts.

Richard Brownley, Chico, CA

### Poetry Corner...

#### Afternoon Date with My Favorite Girl

She gives a little curtsy  
as I step aboard, and  
pebbles gently crunch as the  
land releases its hold on us.

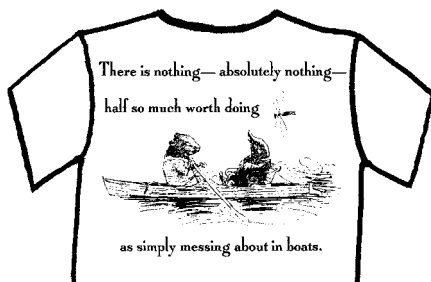
Her oars bounce back just a little,  
with each perfect roll  
of leather on bronze.

Ripples chuckle against her weather bow,  
as she rises in time with the building chop.

A perfect day as we head toward adventure.

The pond becomes a lake,  
the lake becomes an ocean,  
as our world expands...

Dan Rogers, Newport WA

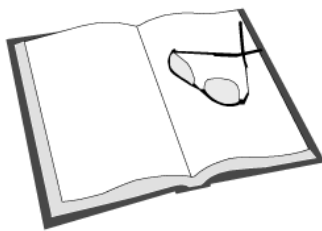


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## Book Review

### *The Art of Wooden Boat Repair*

*A Boatwright's  
Secret Tricks of the Trade*

By Allen Cody Taube  
Granny Apple Publishing, Sarasota, FL  
\$20

Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

This book is about wooden boats, not plywood, but wooden boats. It is about planked wooden boats small to large. The author lives on a 65' wooden schooner. The book is about the "how" of repair and the "why" of repair, which tools, which materials and why and how to do the repair. The reader ends up thinking about the boat, not as a completed boat, but as a summation of components. The planks, the ribs, the fasteners, the keel, the stem, the stern, the deck, the floor timbers and the caulking. Allen has poured his 28 years of boatwright's experience into this book, and it will steer you in the right direction.

However, before you spring for Allen's book, you will want to know what is on the pages of these 22 chapters so here is a little summary of each chapter:

1. Developing a Good Working Attitude: How to use your body and its energy to do the work. Optimism, planning and keeping inspired

2. Tools: Have the right tools for the job, both hand tools and power tools.

3. Hauling Out: Wooden boats should be hauled once per year. Do it carefully and safely. Try to have a covered area to store the boat in while working on it.

4. The Survey: This involves a careful inspection of all parts of the boat.

5. Replacing Keelbolts: Preparation and removal of keelbolts and their replacement if required.

6. Framing: If replanking is to be done, or refastening, first determine the condition of the frames and if the frames must be replaced.

7. Replacing a Sawn Frame: How to replace a sawn frame.

8. Building a Steam Box for Steam Bent Frames: How to build and operate a steam box.

9. Steam Bent Frames Step by Step: Detailed instructions on how to steam bend frames.

10. Laminated Frames: Instructions on building a laminated frame.

11. Replacing Traditional Carvel Planking: How to prepare the template and planing the shutter plank.

12. Planking Step by Step: Step by step description of removing a damaged plank, installing butt blocks making a spiling template selecting the wood, taking off bevels and cutting, fitting the shutter plank and fastening the new plank, Lots of detail in this chapter.

Caulking: Swelling up, caulking the seam, caulking repairs leaky seams.

14. The Graving Block: Used to replace an area of deteriorated wood which is inside an area of good wood.

15. Refastening: Gives guidelines for determining when refastening is necessary and how to do it.

16. Making Templates for making floor timbers: Gives directions for making templates.

17. Shipworms: Gives directions for determining if shipworms are present and, if so, how to deal with them.

18. Stems: Gives guidance for inspecting the stem and making necessary repairs.

19. Through Hull Valves: Gives inspection guidance for the correct valve to have on your boat, and for the valves proper care.

The book has 178 pages and 94 sketches.



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A favorite way to pass the time on a tire-some drive is to pose an artificial dilemma. My pastime is akin to childhood games that once amused and occupied prisoners of the back seat, collecting the states seen on license plates or counting cows and horses passed on respective sides of the car (and if you passed a cemetery on your side you lost all your livestock.) Of course, kids no longer need look out the car window, not with a smart phone or iPad in the lap or a favorite animation playing on a drop down or seat back screen.

But I remain low tech with simple pleasures and puzzles that I pose to myself such as what if I had to choose between wine or coffee, breads or pastas, books or music? You can come up with your own pairs. To make it a problem worth puzzling over, pick items similar in nature and of strong, equal appeal. Then imagine yourself on a spaceship to Mars or sailing to a desert island. You can take only one of the two.

Besides self assessment, these little dilemmas can fuel a conversation if there's someone in the passenger seat. That assumes the passenger prefers conversation to texting. Or maybe you really are in the desert or at least the desert of no service (in that case there isn't that modern dilemma, human connection vs virtual connection). Present your personal dilemma as a point of discussion, then sit back and learn something about your passenger.

Maybe you get "coffee vs wine? That's no dilemma. I don't like either." In that case, you realize future conversational venues won't include sipping wine at sunset or coffee at sunrise. As to bread vs pasta, these days you might hear, "I'm strictly low carb and avoid both." That alerts you to the quality of future conversation which will likely include lots of numbers, total calories, carb calories, miles run per week, minutes per day on the treadmill, percent body fat. Presenting your personal dilemmas might yield more of a forecast than what's stuffed in your fortune cookie. For the record, I'd take coffee to Mars, flip a coin over breads and pasta and, as for music vs books, I refuse to choose.

One way to dodge the books vs music dilemma is to point out you no longer have to choose, you don't even have to choose which or how many books and CDs you can take on your sailboat to that desert island. With a Kindle and iPod you could take an entire library plus an entire music collection and hold it all in one hand. Now this miracle of a library in a hand suggests another dilemma readers of *MAIB* may have already pondered. What if you could choose between "the miracles of modern technology" and "the good old days?" Well, that seems an easy choice for most of us with our traditional boats, oar, wind or paddle powered, maybe steam or ancient Chris Craft.

And I'm definitely not an "early adopter." Just taking to cellular in the form of a flip phone was such an effort I'll hardly jump ship for a smart phone. Besides, the way a flip phone closes reminds me of a pocketknife, a point in flip's favor. On the road, water and trail or atop a diner table, I remain fond of maps. Sacrificing GPS would be an easy trade for quiet waters absent jet ski or wakeboard boat with speakers blasting from its tower. But would I trade in the chemicals of the modern world? Illicit drugs, no problem and good riddance. Modern medicines? Hmmm, this is getting tougher. Modern medicines for my boat?



## Dilemmas A Rambling Dialectic

What?! Yeah, all those cans, canisters and tubes that line the shelves of your favorite marine supply, paints, sealants, preservatives, lubricants not to mention lines and rigging that no longer rot like hemp. Think about those adhesives stronger than the materials they bond and able to bond otherwise untouchable, exotic materials. Just surf your laptop (if you don't own a spaceship for Mars) to that strange planet, the US National Counterintelligence Center. There, under "Current Issues/Economic Espionage" you'll see more big busts involving adhesives than electronics.

What brought these adhesives (and everything else in your boat which isn't wood or metal) to your marine store shelves the way the Apollo space program brought Tang to your breakfast table? Growing population and expanding market. You're not the only one building a boat, traditional or otherwise. Good news, bad news. Marine supply shelves are replete with miracle chemicals for the same reason you no longer have your favorite waters all to yourself. Would you be willing to caulk your boat every season (and with oakum if you wanted to get really good and old) in exchange for an uncrowded anchorage? Counting up all the modern goodies you'd have to relinquish in exchange for those good old days could take a lot of time, enough time to occupy a long, boring drive.

Does it always come down to good news, bad news? It does when pro and con simply reflect the very same thing from different perspectives. A perfect example is the dilemma of canoe vs touring kayak. Finally we get to boats like getting to Billie Holiday's short segment of singing after those long instrumental introductions. High sides and open interior make the canoe vulnerable to wind and waves but also easy to load and unload. That same open interior means you can launch, load and board a canoe from steep, awkward shores which are barely accessible to a kayak. A canoe is also a happier choice for your dog and for you when it comes to grab and go on the portage trail. The touring kayak's covered deck and watertight compartments keep out the waves but they're a pain to pack and unpack, at least more than once a day. The kayak's low profile and the protection of its tight cockpit are welcome in wind and wet. But that same deck and cockpit are a real headache (sometimes literally) when it comes to portaging.

Which I'd choose, canoe or kayak, would depend upon my destination. In fact,

I'd probably choose my destination based on whether I wanted to paddle a canoe or paddle a kayak. My choice of either canoe or kayak would certainly determine the route I took. In the Boundary Waters I'd pick a route with lots of small lakes if I wanted to canoe. Less wind would minimize the canoe's drawbacks and lots of portages would exploit its virtues. If I wanted to kayak I'd choose a route with big lakes and few portages. Or maybe I'd skip portage routes altogether and for my kayak choose a big river, Great Lake or even the ocean. Of course there are crazies, contrarians and Canadians who'll brave the swells of Superior or British Columbia with their beloved canoes.

Virtue from one perspective, drawback from another is a recurring theme in our choice of boats. Shoal draft vs deep keel, sea kindly vs performance, we just can't escape this tradeoff business. The same applies to what we carry or wear afloat. Regarding packs for canoeing Cliff Jacobson observed, the more waterproof the pack, the less convenient it is and vice versa. Certainly my completely waterproof dry suit is my most inconvenient piece of clothing to get into or out of. That's why it's got an expensive, waterproof "relief zipper." However, if you can drop the law of the excluded middle there is a third option to these two horns of the dilemma. Consider it a meta dilemma, to compromise or not to compromise.

Are you a purist for whom crossover vehicles and vessels never serve as well as ones dedicated to a specific task or setting? Or do you believe you can have the best of both worlds, that what performance you sacrifice by compromise is more than offset by the expanded range of performance? I'll leave it to the owners of sail/oar boats to answer how well their craft sail or row compared to dedicated sailing or rowing craft. I suppose ownership reflects their answer, the sail/oar boat performs well enough.

Connor O'Brien in *SeaBoats, Oars and Sails* (1941) certainly advocates boats tuned to both rowing and sailing. However, in other respects racing vs general recreation, O'Brien discounts any sailboat's suitability for both. In fact, O'Brien advises, "When choosing a boat one should ask one's self, apparently it isn't always done, or there would not be so many misfits, What do I want her for?" Tom Stienstra, outdoor writer for the *SF Chronicle*, on choosing a fishing boat gives the same advice, first define the mission. Personally I prefer the purist answer to this meta dilemma, no one boat can do it all. That answer lands us in happy waters, you gotta have more than one boat! Or, as the Zen master stated, "In expressing full function there are no fixed methods." The next time an unsympathetic partner protests, "Why do you need another boat?" just invoke the authority of that Zen master!

As with canoe and kayak, the dilemma in choosing the means is really about destinations, choosing where you want to go. For evening shores and a beautiful sunset I'll take an old wine Zinfandel. When in a morning mood to, as Aristophanes puts it, let my intellect sally forth like a cockroach on a leash, I'll grab an espresso pot. Wine vs coffee, canoe vs kayak? "Both," I reply, just like Pooh Bear did when offered either honey or cream for his biscuit. And so as not to seem greedy, he added, "No biscuit, thank you." There usually is some sort of biscuit you can leave behind. Maybe it's bread, maybe it's pasta.



Graveyard Creek at low tide..

### Record Snow and Cold

"Sorry, dear, I did not have time to clear the snow off the two porch roofs, but all the walkways and parking spaces as well as our entire roof is shoveled off. That'll have to do till I come back. I have to take a shower and hustle to catch my plane."



Maine "snowbird" with gear.

The winter of 2014/15 had been an exceptionally cold and snowy winter - more than 141" of snow (3.53m for you metric guys out there). Only the winter of '62/'63, my first winter here in Maine, brought more snow. To boot, the month of February set a new all-time cold record. I could not wait

## Snowbird In The Glades

By Reinhard Zollitsch

to get to warmer climes, but felt a bit guilty leaving Nancy with our big dog Willoughby back home in Orono taking care of our "snow castle". "Remember, your hairdryer works wonders on frozen pipes. Just catch them early. And I know you'll be packing down the new snow on the driveway by driving back and forth every hour," I added with a wink. She gave me a tired smile as we zipped off to the airport.

### Flying South

So, where does a snowbird from Maine escape to? I find the most reliable warm weather and most diverse canoe trails in the Everglades National Park, covering the bottom left corner of the Florida peninsula (an area of about 100x20 miles). A visit in the Glades for me is also like visiting an old friend. Yes, I have canoed there many times before, but every trip through the Park is different and a completely new adventure, believe me, and so is my story.

Like most years before, there was a snowstorm as I left Maine, this year on February 22. But all flights to Miami went fine. Even my luggage, two big 49lb army duffels, holding all my camping gear and food supplies, arrived with me, and I did not have to wait too long to get an airport shuttle van down to Florida City, just outside Everglades National Park. But my ranger friend John and wife Donna were nowhere to be seen. What's up? I phoned them on my satellite phone (still no cell phone for me). "Sorry, I thought it was tomorrow, but we'll be there in an hour."

When we finally got into the Park and down to Flamingo it was pitch black, too dark to set up camp. So I sacked out at their little place in the rangers' quarters, repacked all my gear into my waterproof bags for the trip, while Donna whipped up some meatball hash with toasted breadsticks. Two days later, though, I noticed with dismay that I had caught their bad cold/flu, with all its nasty symptoms.

### Check-in, and I'm Off

Anyway, by 7:45 the next morning I was first in line at the Ranger Station to reserve my overnight back-country campsites. And I was lucky again to get every one I had planned; only Sweetwater Chickee was not available, since it was being repaired. "Darwin's place would do fine, if it's available." And it was.

After adjusting the seat and foot braces in my solo sea canoe, John's Verlen Kruger "Monarch", which is almost identical to my Kruger "Sea Wind" at home, and packing my gear, including 5 gallons of water, I was off. I pressed my SPOT locator beacon, which told my family and friends, my trip had begun, and I was out in the chalky green waters of the Gulf towards East Cape Sable. The tide had been high one hour before I left and was now nicely pushing me towards the Cape.

### Shark Encounter

It was about 80°, and I was hot for the first time in months. I glugged down a lot of water, but it felt good being warm for a change. Dolphins were playing all around me, but mostly were chasing fish in the shallow water I was paddling in. Fish in turn were jumping into the air in an attempt to escape their pursuers. Rays were darting off, leaving muddy boils behind when they saw my shadow or felt my boat wake. Then suddenly there was a bigger fish chasing some smaller fish off my port beam, so it seemed. But it



failed to stop or veer off. “CRASH, BANG, WHOMP!” It rammed my boat amidships with a surprisingly loud and hard bang. The boat shuddered, water was in the air, and my paddling shirt and pants, as well as my cap and gloves were thoroughly soaked with sea water. However, just before this object hit my boat I saw the distinct dorsal and tail fin of a 6’ shark (or even bigger), possibly a hammerhead chasing a ray, their favorite food in these shallow, warm waters.

I instinctively threw a low brace and stayed upright, but I was breathing hard nevertheless. I had been bumped by fish before, but never with such force and with such a loud and vehement impact. (A day later I saw another dorsal and tail fin of a hammerhead just outside the mouth of the Shark River, real close, but it turned away before I could see its head.)

By the way, a hammerhead is the only shark where you can see both dorsal and tail fin at the same time, my daughter Brenda informs me, having done shark research on Bimini with shark expert Dr. Gruber. She also tells me that my shark encounter most likely was not accidental, but a deliberate aggressive territorial bump, telling me as much as “get out of my hunting area!” (see end of article for website video on hammerheads and small boaters).

The rest of that first day on the water was less dramatic, even though the wind sprang up as I approached Middle Cape, which added some different excitement for the last couple of miles. I found the same shady spot along the beach under a mangrove tree, where I had camped before. Setting up camp for the first time on any trip is always a test: had I remembered to pack everything? Back-country camping by canoe is so different from car-camping in an organized campground. If you forgot to pack something, you have to live without it. But everything was there, even coffee, creamer, cocoa and most importantly my propane cookstove with a full tank.

Swimming, reading, writing and resting from the stress of traveling, felt great. It was just as I had dreamt it would be in the cold and snowy, long winter months in Maine. The ivory-colored beach extended to the horizon in the north and south. I was all alone, as I mostly am in the Everglades, and the wide open Gulf’s horizon gently curved around my beach abode. A great feeling, and I was soaking it all in.

Just as night fell, a waxing half-moon rose and shone through the sparse foliage above me, creating intricate floral patterns on my tent walls. As a matter of fact, most nights of my entire trip were bathed in gentle moonlight, first from a waxing half-moon to a full moon on Willy Willy (March 5), and from then back to a waning half-moon in Florida City, at the very end of my trip. A delightful bonus for a solo paddler in the back country of the Everglades, because nights without the moon can be so absolutely pitch black this time of year.

### Night Visitors

I was up a tad before sunrise at about 6:15. Fog had rolled in. Before I pack up, I always check for footprints around my tent. Did I have visitors last night? Yes indeed, and I am glad I slept through it all. There were distinct footprints of a very big cat along the beach in front of my tent. A COUGAR, also known as a Florida panther, had visited me,



Middle Cape Sable in the fog.



Night visitor – a cougar?

leaving deep footprints in the sand. I had to take a picture of that, because otherwise nobody would believe me. So here they are. There also were some distinct cloven hoof imprints of a smaller deer. They were right beside the big cougar marks.

So, was the cougar tracking the deer or was he thinking of a midnight marauding party? I hope the former. But since I never leave anything outside of my tent and double bag my trash, I feel pretty safe. I would worry much more in northern bear country for sure. But just in case, every night I have my array of “defense weapons” handy at the tent door: pepper spray, my sailor’s rigging knife with an awe-inspiring, 4” marlinspike, a high-intensity LED flashlight and the lid of my stainless steel cooking pot with a spoon as a noisemaker. Cute, you might say, but it does the trick for me, that is, it calms me down somewhat, even though I am fully aware that my “weapons” would be totally ineffective against a cougar, an ornery alligator or a 14’ Burmese python.

### Into Oyster Bay and Beyond

In the fog, I felt my way along shore into the Shark River and through a couple of arms of its extensive delta system into Oyster Bay. By then the fog had lifted, but the wind had come up. But anything under 20 knots is fun for me, unless it is a head wind. After 4:50hrs in the boat (for 18 miles) I reached my goal for today, the very sheltered Oyster Bay Chickee, two 12’x12’ wooden camping platforms in the water with a roof on top. There even is a chemical toilet. Life was good that afternoon, but I felt the flu was creeping up on me, and strong winds were predicted for tomorrow. Well, we’ll see what gives.

The night was windy, and the weather report spoke of 25 knot winds from the south-

west, gusting to 30 plus, veering west later in the day, not a very comforting thought for crossing large Ponce de Leon Bay and running up the very exposed coast to my next campsite at Highland Beach. But I was up at 6:00 and off at first light by 7:30, hoping to sneak out of here and hopefully to at least the Graveyard Creek campsite.

The tide had not turned yet, and I was bucking a strong incoming tide in the multiple arms of the Shark River Delta. But it was already quite windy, and I was wearing my life jacket and had my hat clipped onto my shirt. I made it fine to Ponce de Leon Bay but immediately realized that I could not possibly cross over to Shark Point and from there up the shore to Highland Beach. The Bay was white as far as I could see. So I danced more or less along the eastern edge of that large bay, with wind and breaking waves hitting my port quarters, till I flew into the small opening of the eastern entrance of the Graveyard Creek.



Too much wind on Ponce de Leon Bay.

I was glad it was where I thought it was, and I was in. It suddenly was surreally calm in that narrow creek through the mangroves, even though the wind was still howling in the treetops. I even saw an anhinga, a rare bird sighting in the Glades. The creek eventually spit me out at the official campsite. Landing here from the open bay side would have been impossible. Waves were crashing on the tiny beach surrounded by boat-grabbing mangrove roots.

I was glad to have made it thus far, but I would have to make up 10 miles the next day, or better, the next two days. Since the weather report for later that day did not promise any improvements, I set up my tent in the most sheltered corner I could find and called it quits for today. I felt I could have managed the wind and waves around 3:00pm, but by then I would have arrived at Highland Beach at dead low tide, a near impossible time to land my boat there. So I stayed put. No other campers came by to join me here, nor did the Rangers throw me out. It seemed nobody was out on the water.

### Up the Gulf Coast

I was off again at 7:30, but feeling miserable after a sleepless night and the flu hitting me hard. 16 miles can be a very long and arduous haul for an aching body. But I made it fine, past the wide mouths of the Broad River and Lostman’s River with their many large sand and oyster bars, all the way to Hog Key. There I literally rolled out of my boat, since my knees were buckling, stripped down and lay in the shallow water for a good time to cool off and regain my composure.

It worked. I set up my tent in a shady spot and moved towards a belated lunch of

a PB&J sandwich, carrot and applesauce as well as a cup of coffee followed by cocoa. Two Tylenols somewhat helped my aching head and body. Reading yet another adventure book by Clive Cussler nicely numbed my mind, the good way that is. I told Nancy via sat-phone about my flu symptoms, but advised her not to attempt a parachute or drone-drop of special flu medication on Pavilion Key :-)

It was hot again the next day, about 80°, but I prudently dressed in my long paddling pants and long-sleeved shirt, white socks and gloves as well as visored hat, and put on plenty of sunscreen. No sunburn or skin cancer for me, if I can help it. Then I felt a nice wind shift, first coming in from the NE, slowly turning SE. At Mormon Key, the wind was almost from behind and increasing to 10-15. Last night I had thought of stopping on Pavilion Key (after 12 miles), but I paddled right past it to Rabbit Key (16.5 miles in 4 hrs only) - I could not possibly waste a good tailwind. I was back on schedule and felt much better about everything.



Placid Rabbit Key lagoon.

Rabbit Key is such a familiar place from my early years in the Glades, when I started my trips in Everglades City, the northern entry point into Everglades National Park. I went swimming before the tide went out, and watched other campers arriving - six students from South Carolina with a guide from Maine, and a young couple beaching their Coleman canoe for a walk on shore. Two hours later they dragged their loaded boat over the sharp oyster bank back to the water. It would only move a couple of inches with each mighty strain. I winced as I heard a lot of sharp grinding as well as cussing. No, I did not offer any help or advice. They deserved the punishment and hopefully learned something about tides. I was glad when they were gone.

### Tiger Key

#### The Top Left Corner of the Park

Ten miles to Tiger tomorrow, the turning point of my trip. Sunrise was at 6:15, right out my tent door, but the tide was still too far out. So I took it easy, listened to the birds, a catbird, imitating other birds almost as well as a mockingbird, and the sweet descending trill of the red-bellied woodpecker. (Note: Its head is brilliant red, its belly not so much.) A gecko darted through the mangrove roots, and I saw fiddler crabs on the muddier part of the beach, showing off their bigger left claw, or warning others to stay out of their way. And then there were the brown pelicans diving for fish, and ibis and various herons wading in the shallows. And lots of cormorants, of course, and an occasional anhinga, a close cousin, but with stunning black and white plumage. I learned to identify them even in flight, because of their brief glide after six or so wing beats. (Cormorants only flutter.)

I finally got off at 8:00, staying outside of all islands, all the way up to Indian Key, the outer entrance point to the Barron River and Everglades City. Just beyond it I saw a 2' sea turtle swimming at the surface, a loggerhead with front flippers and beaked nose. It was almost at the same spot where I had seen a truly huge sea turtle in 2013. Tiger Key is the last of the keys in the northwest corner of the Park. My favorite camping spot is on a thin spit of land pointing straight north, with tall mangroves for shade, and water on both sides. I suddenly felt very accomplished: I had made it to the top of the Park, in only six days, despite my cold/flu and the fierce winds on Ponce de Leon Bay. Swimming felt great; so were my lunch and the leisurely afternoon in the shade of the mangroves and a gentle breeze. Life was very good at that moment.



Landing on Tiger Key.



Sunrise in the NW corner of the Park (Tiger Key).

### Looping Back Through the Inter-connected Chain of Lakes

Tomorrow I would start heading back down to Flamingo, but this time through a long string of inter-connected lakes and winding tight little creeks. With the tide coming in I decided to try a new route to the Barron River and the Ranger Station in Everglades City. It looked like a perfect straight arm through the 10,000 Island mangrove jungle, starting right at my little boat landing on Tiger Key: leave a couple of islands on my right, veer slightly left, then right and straight for several miles - well, you need a NOAA chart to find it and not get lost. But this West Pass Bay approach worked out great for me. It avoided all other boat traffic and got me all the way to the mouth of the Barron River and the Ranger Station in Everglades City eventually.

I beached my boat there, refilled my two 2.5 gallon (10 liter) water containers, got rid of my trash, and quickly washed out my paddling clothes in the washroom sink. The salt spray almost made them stand on their own, they were so stiff. I wrung them out and put them right back on for some air-drying. No, I do not pack a second set, and also only one set of shorts and T-shirt. I travel light.

The Ranger Station can be a very busy place, especially when groups are preparing to launch. A group of ten sea kayaks was getting ready for Pavilion Key, and several other boats for other keys in the area, all going for about 3-4 days, I found out, no through travelers, and definitely nobody going down to Flamingo and back, as I usually do.

I was off again in no time along the Chokoloskee causeway, first outside, then inside and up the Turner River into Hurdles Creek. This remote, winding little creek gets me into Mud Bay, the two Cross Bays and the top of the Lopez River eventually. From there it is less than a mile south to the branch-off to the Crooked Creek Chickee, which by the way is technically still on Lopez River and not on Crooked Creek, as I found out the hard way two years ago. 5:10 hrs for 17 miles including my stop at the Ranger Station - not bad at all.



New chickee on Crooked Creek.

Again, the other camping platform remained empty. Where is everybody, I wondered? In past years the chickees used to be occupied every night, especially so close to the put-in place at Everglades City. I also noticed fewer and fewer canoes along the designated 100-mile waterway between Everglades City and Flamingo, but more sea kayaks along the Gulf coast and on the keys. I personally still like both stretches, along the more exposed Gulf coast as well as through the more protected mangrove rivers and lakes. Both have such different characters.

### Meeting at Darwin's Place

My Everglades friend Thornton had given me some more thoughts on how I could avoid the bigger lakes like Sunday, Oyster, Huston and Last Huston Bay, and I decided to try some of his "short cuts". Most of them turned out to be very pretty and remote, but so convoluted, that it was hard to stay on course in a relaxed way, navigating with chart, compass and stopwatch only. So I eventually popped out of the mangrove jungle and into big Last Huston and then Chevelier Bay, going mostly east, right into the wind. However, I do not mind much in this Kruger solo boat with rudder. It would be a different story in a rental 2-man aluminum canoe. But his "short cuts" took me an extra hour (11.5 miles in 4:15 hrs, instead of 3:15 hrs).

After a few tighter river-like arms I suddenly came upon Darwin's Place, a land site on Opossum Key, where Arthur Darwin homesteaded from about 1934 to 1971. The cement and shell foundation as well as a few walls of the house he built there in 1945 can still be seen. He had also cultivated large tracts of land behind his house and was kind of self-sufficient as a hunter and trapper. My friend Thornton had known him personally, as he did Totch Brown, who raised his family on an island in the Huston River.





Darwin's Place, literally, or what's left of it.

Darwin was a kind and quiet old fellow, I learned, who later moved to Everglades City, where he worked as a carpenter and boat builder. He was the opposite of the notorious Ed Watson from the Chatham River. Ed was a moonshine distiller and gunslinger and all-around bad boy. He was finally gunned down on Chokoloskee Island by several of its inhabitants, when Watson pulled his gun one too many times and his ammo failed, so goes the story. He was shot multiple times. Lots of people had a score to settle with him.

I was thinking about the old-timers in the Glades while I was cautiously taking my BDS, my brief daily swim. I was scooching/squatting in the shallows near shore, always facing the murky river, ever so alert for the beady eyes and nostrils of a gator (Thornton had told me he had seen the biggest gator ever right here on Darwin's Place), when a fishing boat suddenly appeared around the corner. I had just enough time to grab my minimal towel, before the boat grounded out on the coarse, hard shell beach. "There is going to be a beach party here today. May we stay?" a familiar sounding voice boomed into the stillness of the Glades. His face was hidden under a big floppy hat, so I could not see who he was, but instantly answered: "Why not, but wait till I slip into my grass skirt." Yes, it was my old friend Thornton and wife Jacquie and another couple.

I had given Thornton my itinerary before I left, but had no idea he and Jacquie could make it all the way down here from Sebring. He had just celebrated his 85<sup>th</sup> birthday. What a guy! The party started immediately with an ice-cold beer followed by another. By then the coals were ready for scrumptious venison-burgers, served with a very tasty Swedish potato salad by Ulla, with a side dish of lettuce and tomatoes, and cookies eventually. What a meal! By 4:30 the phantom had gone, and I was alone again. It was a truly historic meeting here on Darwin's place. If only I can get Thornton to write down all his stories and experiences of his 65 plus years in the Everglades.

### Gators in Alligator and Plate Creek

The route from Darwin's Place to Plate Creek Chickee is one of my favorite stretches in the Park. Tight little Alligator and Plate Creek on either end of large Alligator Bay and Dad's Bay always feel very remote, both cozy and exciting at the same time. I never knew what wildlife I might encounter here. I have met dolphins speeding through here, throwing a large bow wave over my gun-wales, and of course gators, the biggest one when I was paddling through here with my wife Nancy. At the last minute it dove down, right under our aluminum rental canoe, while we held our breath, ready for a low brace with our paddles.



Tight passages (Alligator and Plate Creek).

This time I met the "guardian of the creek" properly at the entrance to Alligator Creek, and a big cousin of his sleeping on shore near marker #70. When he saw or heard me he leapt into the air and like a komodo dragon hustled into the water with amazing speed. He splashed in, just feet away from my bow, and dove out of sight. That was enough excitement for the day.



Unconcerned alligator.

The new Plate Creek Chickee is very high. I had to stand on my canoe seat and heave my packs onto the platform, then follow myself, holding on with all fours like a monkey. By then the wind had picked up, and I had to put my gear bags into the limp tent before I could insert the poles. This has happened so many times, that I do not think about it much any more.

I had a peaceful afternoon, though, no visitors, only a few sport fishing boats speeding by. Well, one boat broke down right in front of me. The driver tried to fix it, but couldn't before he drifted towards shore. So he anchored. Still no go. Then his friends in the other boat threw him a line and started to tow him. The line snapped, zinging through the air when the towboat tried to reach planing speed. Nobody thought of raising the broken motor, lightening the boat, and taking it easy. They attached a new line, which also snapped as they careened around the next corner. I am sure they had a long and stressful afternoon back to their Chokoloskee marina.

### Full Moon Over Willy Willy

Willy Willy has been one of my all-time favorite stop-overs since I first paddled in the Glades in 1992. It is a very remote Calusa Indian ground site on a small mangrove island in Rocky Creek Bay, way off the beaten path in the mangrove jungle. I have stopped there several times since then, and its remoteness holds a special magic. A few years ago Thornton had shown me a new way to get there. I love paddling off the beaten path, ignoring all official numbered waypoints, just navigating by chart and compass. It took me all the way from Onion Key Bay through Third Bay to a northern lobe of the very large and always windy Big Lostman's Bay into a tight little creek running east into Rocky Creek Bay and my campsite on Willy Willy.



Willy Willy (proof that I found this very remote place).

It would be easy to get lost enroute, just like in that last long sentence of mine. However, to my surprise, six big stand-up tents had already taken up all the camping space. So I decided to pitch my little Eureka tent in the woods behind a large gumbo limbo tree. A fishing party of 10 guys in 5 sport fishing boats had chosen Willy Willy as their base camp for 3 days. They all showed up around supper time. It turned out to be a very congenial, considerate group of smart guys from Miami. And they must have been tired from an intensive day of fishing and turned in early. A full moon came up, creating the most intricate shadows on my tent. It was yet another magical moment under the big old gumbo limbo tree - male alligators were rumbling in the distance, and a barred owl was calling its mate also.



Floral designs on my tent (day and night!).



Under the Gumbo Limbo tree.

By sunrise, even before breakfast, my fishermen friends were gone again, for another full day on the water, hoping to catch some big snook or tarpon, I gathered. No swimming for me on Willy Willy, for sure, as I knew there were too many aggressive alligators around. In past years I have seen them come out of the water, sunning themselves on the campsite and defending their turf.

## Down the Mighty Broad River to the Gulf

It was an intricate route south through Rogers River Bay and down the entire length of Broad River, including through 2-mile long Broad River Bay. I stopped just short of its mouth on an official ground site I had stopped at before. The 1992 Hurricane Andrew went right through here after devastating the small town of Homestead. I had seen the damage along Broad River the following year. The trees looked plucked like kale stalks; only the leafless main branches were left on the trees. But today, 23 years later, none of the damage is visible. Nature has fully recovered, a very comforting thought.

I cooled off on the sloping wooden take-out/put-in ramp before the tide went out completely, but made sure my bug net tent door was closed, because I remembered this to be a very buggy site - mostly no-see-ums.

The tide was again running out when I left in the morning, and I had to stay way out to sea to find deep enough water to paddle in. Off the Harney River I noticed a huge sandbank even farther offshore to my right, but I was able to stay in the somewhat deeper actual river outflow going south all the way to Shark Point and eventually around the corner to the Graveyard Creek campsite.

I was distinctly getting closer to home now, Flamingo that is. I was off the Gulf, knowing that I could sneak across Ponce de Leon Bay via the Graveyard Creek, as I had done on my trip out. Wildlife reports for today: 1 frog, 1 gecko and a couple of fiddler crabs at my boat landing, as well as a curious raccoon at my tent, nothing big, nothing threatening, but a lot of birds, including a barred owl. I finished reading my second book, and my coffee and creamer, and noticed that my carrots and my one loaf of bread were also getting real low.



Wildlife at Graveyard Creek: frog...

... & fiddler crab.



## Strong Tides and Wind to Boot

With time change (spring forward one hour) and the tide running out forever, it seemed, I slept till 8:00 and finally got off at 10:00, but it was still too early to catch the incoming tide through the Shark River Delta into Oyster Bay. I was a bit impatient, since I knew I had 14 tricky miles ahead of me, and strong northeasterlies were predicted. I had to get to the Joe River Chickee. I did not want to spend another night on the Graveyard. So I fought the tides as best I could. At the last corner from Little Shark into Oyster Bay the current got ahead of me and turned me at least 90°, even though I had anticipated the strong surge at that pointed headland. Well, it was not enough, but it did not roll me over either.

Then the wind piped up to 20 plus knots, easily gusting to 25, if not 30. It came in from the northeast across the wide open bay, and I had to watch my step to avoid being swamped by the breaking waves. As I found out later, this was the same wind that halted the 200 or so boaters in this year's Everglades Challenge Race from Tampa to Key Largo at the first check-in, after the Coast Guard had to assist 12 capsized boaters. They halted the race for the first time ever and cancelled the rest of the Challenge. Would I ever have been miffed if I had been in this race. A total waste of time, not to mention money. Yes, the wind continued for 2 more days, that is the rest of my trip back to Flamingo. But I maintain expedition boaters should be able to handle 20-25 knot winds and waves. The real challenge starts beyond 25, as I see it.

Anyway, I kept on dancing towards my goal on the Joe River. When a distinct dark cloud bank approached from the northeast, I prudently stopped to put on my Gore-Tex jacket and draped a tarp over my legs. There is no way of getting into long rain-pants sitting in my boat in this kind of weather and sea state. And then it rained for the rest of my paddle for today. The 14 miles to Joe River Chickee took me 3:30hrs, not bad considering the conditions. Putting up my tent was relatively easy, since all chickees have a roof over them. I dried off, crawled into my tent, enjoyed my belated lunch and coffee, and started reading the third book I brought along.

## The Home Stretch

Next day's paddle was mercifully short, a compression day of sorts, a day where I could have made up some distance, had I gotten behind in my schedule. My last overnight was on beautifully situated South Joe Chickee. And then came my last day on the water, day 15, a mere 11.5 miles back to Flamingo, but it was almost as windy as in 2012. Even little Coot Bay was churned up big time, and I was pretty wet when I finally got to the entrance of the 3-mile-long Buttonwood Canal. Right at its mouth I almost tipped out of my boat when a huge boil off my starboard quarter rocked my canoe and startled me big time. It must have been a huge manatee suddenly noticing my approach and diving down with a mighty swish of its big round tail. I had seen those boils many times before, but never that close and so vehement.

An event like this definitely takes one's breath away for a few moments, till you figure out what it was. A bit later on the canal I met a handful of canoes zig-zagging towards me from Flamingo, eager, innocent paddlers, mostly in overloaded boats (too much gear or too many people in each canoe), asking me whether I had seen crocs and other wildlife

around here. I could only point towards an osprey and a great blue heron and the sweet trill of the red-bellied woodpecker. "But keep looking for those beady eyes and nostrils; the mangroves are full of them," I slightly overstated my encouragement. "And watch out for the big boils of the manatees!"

## The "Monarch" Has Landed

In no time I was back in Flamingo and veered off into the service basin, where I met my Ranger friends John and Donna. We efficiently transferred all gear from my Kruger "Monarch" canoe into their van, tied the boat up on their power cruiser, and off we went towards the Everglades Hostel in Florida City, near Homestead. This is such a convenient place to have found for staging my trips. I pitched my tent in their courtyard and immediately started repacking my gear back into the two Army duffels for tomorrow's flight from Miami back to Portland, Maine.

I did it! The real trip was over: 186 miles, 15 days on the water, 12.5 miles per day on average, four challenging wind days, but otherwise the weather was nice and warm, almost too warm for the snowbird from the cold northland of Maine. At one point I was 100° warmer than Nancy back home in Maine (-20° F versus 80° F), and that during official "Spring Break".

My trips always "sound so great" when I tell family and friends about them, and they are, but don't be fooled: they are not easy. They take a lot of determination, effort and guts. Paddling the Everglades' big loop from Flamingo to Everglades City and back solo is a big deal, especially at my advanced retirement age of 75. No wonder not more boaters are doing it. I too may have to cut back some year, but that will be OK with me also. I have the memories of my big and very successful trips in that beautiful Kruger sea canoe from the years 2012/13 and now, 2015. That'll last me for some time... til the urge to paddle the Glades becomes too strong once again.

Till then, be safe, enjoy and be kind to your family, friends and nature.

For more info on the Everglades, including a map, check: [www.nps.gov/ever](http://www.nps.gov/ever).

My daughter Brenda sent me this interesting video to underline her point: Hammerhead sharks in Florida stalked kayakers for two miles:

<http://ftw.usatoday.com/2014/11/kayak-shark-florida>

Willoughby: "Welcome home, Dad!"







# Hafren Round~Britain Challenge

Reprinted from Dinghy Cruising, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)  
dinghycruising.org.uk

Phillip Kirk

## Part I May 31 to July 19th, 2014

**I**T WAS 1:00 AM ON THE 2ND JUNE and we were just into the third day of the trip and approaching the Runnel Stone buoy several miles off Lands End.

The flat seas of the previous two days had given way to an Atlantic swell with a cross sea giving a confused sea state. We had four hours' sleep each since the start and had to be alert for the shipping nearby.

Our compass was proving difficult to read at night. The only light and visual reference was from the buoy we were sailing towards; everything else was obscured by the rain and cloud. After the Runnel Stone buoy it would be easy to lose our sense of direction and find ourselves beam-on to the waves.

The wind was a steady force 4 which feels like a force 5 at night when you are blind to the waves. Even sailing a well-mannered Wayfarer in these conditions took a level of concentration that we couldn't manage for long and while we were prepared for a capsize it was an event we wanted to avoid if at all possible. We had put a reef in at dusk and furled some genoa. So we decided to take in another reef and slow the boat down further.

Once past the buoy we found a ship ahead to provide a temporary visual reference. These two actions reduced the concentration required. We then agreed that one would take a 10-minute nap while the other helmed, and take it in turns to sleep until we could extend our naps to an hour. We kept clear of the shipping by sailing off our direct route and I managed to helm for 1½ hours after two catnaps. By 04:00 it was daylight, the wind had eased and we were clear of the shipping. It felt like another world.

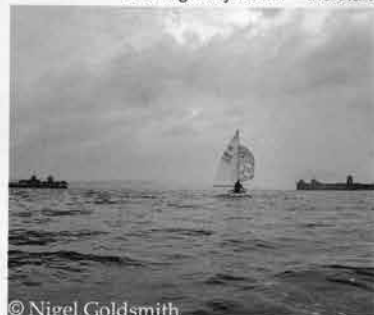
The idea to sail around Britain was inspired when Fran Gifford completed a circumnavigation via the Caledonian Canal in 2010, taking 103 days. In 2011 at Thornbury Sailing Club's dinner dance I asked Jeremy Warren if he was interested. Having just sailed a Wayfarer to Flat Holm and back it was possible he would understand the challenge.

In 2012, a 21 year-old Ludo Bennett-Jones completed a circumnavigation via the Crinan Canal in 76 days. This set a benchmark for our attempt. All the previous challenges we were aware of all sailed the distance in daylight hours, stopping each night to sleep ashore. To do the same again would be a great personal challenge but not prove anything new. It's like

running the London Marathon; you know that you achieved something special but then so did the man dressed as a chicken. You don't see as many chickens completing the Vendée Globe.

Our goal was to reaffirm the ability of the Wayfarer as a long-distance cruising dinghy by demonstrating good seamanship, sailing both day and night. There was no question about the boat. The Wayfarer had the greatest dinghy cruising heritage and while not the fastest dinghy available could maintain a reasonable speed without being affected by carrying extra weight and was easy to sail over a range of conditions. Our route would take in all of mainland England, Wales and Scotland thus including the Mull of Kintyre and Cape Wrath. Islands were optional.

Leaving Weymouth – the start



© Nigel Goldsmith





We had worked out a detailed route, identifying ports of call and distances between each port. We then spread the route distance over 8 weeks against which we could measure our progress.

Through our preparation we sailed 400 miles over a number of shorter passages, which included a range of conditions and points of sail. This gave an average speed of 3.5 knots which, over the shortest route of 1487 nm, would take 17.6 days if sailed non-stop. It was very likely that the distance sailed through the water would be much

longer and even more unlikely that the distance could be sailed non-stop due to the weight of water and food required. We therefore agreed to sail legs of up to 3 days and 2 nights while the weather was favourable. This allowed us to sail open sea passages between headlands and allowed us to avoid sailing extra distance.

I modified the boat to allow us to sleep on board at sea and to create additional stowage in the middle of the boat. We replaced most of the ropes and all the standing rigging, taking some spares just in case.

We re-used most of the fittings, which were in good condition, but carried a few spare blocks for good measure. The only performance-enhancing modification was a 505 class spinnaker (16m<sup>2</sup>) which we hoped would help in very light winds.

We had a small send off from Castle Cove SC in Portland harbour, not wanting to jinx the project. The first leg was planned to take us to Penzance but we made good progress sailing upwind and had so good a forecast for the next 36 hours that we decided to carry on and head towards Dale in Milford Haven. Through the rest of the day and the 3rd night the wind freshened and our speed increased, finally bringing us in sight of Milford Haven.

An early morning treat was a visit from a couple of dolphins which looked like torpedos in the water. They jumped right next to the boat and being in a dinghy this meant they were within touching distance. After 76 hours at sea and having covered 250 miles of our route we reached Dale, completing our first week's planned mileage.

The next few legs up the Irish Sea were governed by strong tides at headlands and a few days of strong







winds which made it impossible to do another long leg. This led to us choosing to sail via Fishguard, Holyhead, Port St Mary in The Isle of Man and Northern Ireland.

In the end we didn't stop in Northern Ireland but did anchor 20m off the shore while the tide was against us.

In this first 10 days we had learnt that we could live on the boat at sea but once ashore its damp interior was much less inviting. Local sailing clubs and lifeboat stations had been prepared to help us when they understood what we were doing, making the logistics ashore much easier.

Nothing beats the sense of freedom gained when sailing a small boat at night. Without light pollution the night sky is majestic and beneath its great expanse we are a small dot on the sea. At other times in fog, rain or mist it was a little less comfortable and we relied heavily on our waterproofs and thermal layers to keep us warm. The morning sun always raised our spirits, dried the boat out and made life more comfortable.

We crossed the strong tides of the North channel into Scottish waters passing the Mull of Kintyre on a fantastic spinnaker reach and anchored two further times in the sound of Jura when the tide was against us. The light wind meant that we made only 26 miles in the last 24 hours before reaching Crinan.

At our second anchorage in the remote Kilmory Bay we were woken by someone calling from the beach. We had been sheltering from the rain

under the spray covers getting some much needed sleep. Jeremy called back we've sailed from Weymouth. The caller said, 'I know'. This made us sit up, take the boat inshore and meet our visitor, who turned out to be one of our routers, Ken Falcon. Ken had kindly brought a bottle of wine to celebrate our progress.

From Crinan we sailed through the strong tides and whirl pools of Dorus Mor, the Sound of Luing and the Sound of Mull. Once in the Sound of Mull we started a beat which didn't end until the following night. 28 hours on the wind. We slept at anchor that night with only the B&Q plastic ground sheet tied over the boom. (Our emergency shelter).

The night air was cold and we didn't sleep much. We reached Gairloch the following day after quite a lot of paddling when the light winds died completely, and enjoyed a stay in the local hotel. At each stop we were provisioning the boat with four days' supply of food and water, which weighed about 35kgs, giving us the flexibility to extend a shorter passage if the wind was good or stop in a remote bay or camp if we couldn't reach our intended destination. We always arrived with a minimum of one day's supply of water and food left.

We made little progress the next day. Another one of very light winds, making only 24 miles by midnight. We were sailing through the middle of a high pressure but two days in light winds still equalled 60 miles progress and this is much better than standing still.

The following day was in complete

contrast. The light southwesterly breeze built through the early morning to a steady force 4-5. We were running with the spinnaker up at 5-6 knots in 200-800m visibility. After gaining clearance from the firing range at Cape Wrath to sail through at 13:00 we were surprised to see a fishing boat steaming straight for us from behind. As it drew nearer we realised it contained one of Jeremy's friends who had chartered it to rendezvous with us.

It was difficult to communicate a lot but we each took a few photos and returned to the job in hand. We had the tide with us until 16:00 (it was now 11:00) and a favourable weather window to get to Scrabster (ie. no force 6) in 24-hour daylight and surfing down most waves.

The waves became steeper as we approached the Cape and we opted to take the spinnaker down. Then the tall cliffs of craggy rock loomed out of the fog. This was the point of no return. We passed the cape to be greeted by several strong gusts funnelling through the cliffs. We smartly put a couple of reefs in and were still surfing waves but in more control. From here to Scrabster there was nowhere safe to land. We carried on shaking reefs out at times and putting them back in at others. We experienced some steeper seas off Strathy point and before entering Scrabster harbour.

It was not a day for sleeping and even changing helms required careful timing and co-ordination.

Nine hours and 44 miles after rounding Cape Wrath we arrived in Scrabster to a warm welcome. They had even kept the pub open for us.

We had completed over half the total distance in 19 days and being near to the Summer solstice we had all-round daylight. PK

Despite the warm welcome and an encouraging article the day after in the *John o' Groats Gazette* of June 20th, Phillip and Jeremy lost no time in setting out that day for the Pentland Firth and the Merry Men of Mey.

If you can't wait for more action, check this video of them rounding Cape Wrath on YouTube, shot by Chris Winnington-Ingram:



After a brutally cold February in Chicago, we eagerly boarded a 737 and over four hours later landed at John Wayne Airport in sunny and warm Santa Ana, California. My wife, son Mike and daughter Meagan planned three days down the coast in San Diego and four in the Santa Ana area where my other son Dan lives and would join us only on the weekend.

We rented a car and drove down the beautiful coast highway to San Diego. The following day we drove up the coast to the town of La Jolla, located on a cliffside overlooking the Pacific. Below those cliffs were a series of caves that can be kayaked into if the tide and water conditions are right. One of the caves can be entered through a tunnel dug out in 1903 from a store called Sunny Jim's Cave, located above the caves on top of the cliff. The photo in the Travel Book of some kayakers paddling sit on top kayaks in the water below the caves looked like fun.

We had reservations to paddle to those caves and checked in at the Bike/Kayak Shop. After signing away our rights to sue, we decided to check out the La Jolla beach where the put in would be. It was a sunny but windy day. At the beach other kayakers were returning from their two hour trip to the caves. There were 5' breakers pushed about by a 5-10kt wind. Some of the two place kayaks were broaching and flipping during landing! I noticed every kayaker was wearing a helmet! However, most of the single seat kayakers were landing with ease. We had rented the single seat kayaks.

There were staff helpers in the shallow, rough water helping the returning kayakers. The same staff also assisted our launch into the 5' waves by holding the stern while we jumped onboard. Then the staff gave a big shove into the oncoming wave and we just paddled like hell until gaining the oncoming crest and continuing onto the smooth ocean swell.

Some of us had second thoughts but kept them to ourselves. We donned heavier jackets as it was 60° but that wind would be cool. The outfitter warned us that we would be getting wet below the waist. Mike and I changed into swim suits at the kayak shop and Meagan donned an upper body wetsuit. Next we put on PFDs, helmets and were issued paddles. We were ready! My wife was back at the hotel in San Diego awaiting our safe return and monitoring "Breaking News." She doesn't kayak.

Our two female guides, Blaze and Mariah, led us down to the beach for instructions on launching and retrieval. Before I could change my mind, they led us out to those crashing waves and quickly helped each one of us launch. In just seconds, the

Paddling group headed out for the cave entrance.



## We Paddle the Pacific

By Bob McAuley

guide held my kayak pointed into the latest dying wave. I hopped in and braced for the assault. She shoved me onto the top of the next wave and I just paddled like hell. It worked! In no time I was paddling down one crest and up the next. We all met the leader about 50 yards out for a brief talk and then it was on toward those caves that were looking very far away along the coastline.

Between the wind snagging the bow at the top of each wavecrest and the tide moving in, I felt like I was the oldest and slowest kayaker on the Pacific. It was a wide kayak and it was wearing me out. Meagan and Mike hung back when they realized the main group was almost at the caves and I was still a quarter mile away! The rear guide Mariah offered me a tow and I accepted. She hooked a green tow strap onto my bow and towed me down to the waiting group. There the staff told us the water level was too low for a safe entrance into the caves today.

That was OK with bushed Bob! As a consolation offering, they gave us free cave entry passes for Sunny Jim's Cave the next day. Finally, after a brief lesson on kelp and history of the Scripps Oceanographic Institute, whose reserve we were paddling over, Mariah unstrapped my bow. The other guide, Blaze, picked up the tow strap and with the wind at our back, we headed back. They weren't about to leave a group member out on the water with those evil looking sharks.

As the beach neared she disconnected the tow strap and told me to lean way back and just keep paddling straight ahead toward the beach. I topped the wave and rode it in to a smooth landing where I was met again by Mariah. Mike watched the other guide Blaze broach when she landed. She had been busy coaching her brood of beginners on how to land and got distracted during her landing. I checked my kayak's bottom expecting to find it loaded with drag inducing barnacles but none were found!

Back at the kayak shop we washed off the salt water and got into dry clothes. My daughter thanked and tipped those two beautiful guides for bring back her daddy. I thanked them, too. I was too out of it to get their names. I even left my hat in a locker. I called three weeks later and got their names. Next time I'll do it without that ill fitting helmet and the sea had better be at high tide and calm! No more rescues by a blonde on the high seas.

The following day we carefully walked down 144 steps inside of Sunny Jim's cave. I took a few pictures from inside the cave and on the cliffs. The only occupant of the cave was a blue crab clinging to a rock at low tide. The following day we visited the birch Aquarian nearby and toured San Diego Bay in an amphibious boat called the Seal. We did see seals!



Looking out of the cave beneath Sunny Jim's.



Sinister blue crab, lone occupant of the cave.

Sleeping seals on the rocks outside La Jolla caves.



We spent the final days along the Newport and Huntington beaches. The last night we watched the setting sun sink into the Pacific while listening to the haunting beat of bongo drums played by locals. The next morning I felt it was going to take a flight attendant, the pilot and copilot to drag me kicking and screaming aboard that jet bound for cold Chicago.





Scripps Oceanographic Institute and Birch Aquarium above the La Jolla caves.

## Epilog: Ice Out on Salt Creek

Back home again, Mike and I brushed off the dust from our stored kayaks and loaded them in the van. The water temperature was 48° and OAT was 50°. The skies were cloudy and no sandhill cranes were flying today. They had been all week and that bugling call was comforting to the senses, telling me that spring was not too far off.

The leaves were yet to come out and the surrounding woods looked dead as we paddled upstream. We were greeted by a few ducks and a swarm of migrating redwing blackbirds feeding in the nearby bushes. We paddled to the top of the island with Mike landing four for three. No, the fish weren't

biting, but he boated four golf balls\* and a three legged white plastic chair. The chair had floated downstream during last fall's flood and impaled itself on a log sticking up in mid channel. There it stayed for the last four months treating everybody to another eyesore of pollution.

Mike pulled and tugged it free and dragged it aboard his kayak's bow. He then paddled it a quarter mile downstream until offloading it on the bank next to the Museum. After finishing our paddle, we drove back to the Museum and Mike hauled the chair to the nearby dumpster. It takes people like Mike to make a difference in this world filled with pollution.

It sure felt good to be back on familiar flat water after tackling the Pacific! Keep on paddling...



Mike and his 3-legged chair catch.

Dropping off the chair at the Museum for later disposal.



(\*About those golf balls: We've been harvesting them from the river for years by the golf course. We inspect them, clean up the good ones and catalog them by names and put the best in empty egg cartons. I give these to friends who golf. The other 900 or so will probably end up in a landfill.)

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When we made sure we were well across we turned westward toward the point and on looking at the shore found we were a mile and more out. The water was perfectly calm, there not being wind enough to disturb its oil-like surface. Our boom creaked back and forth as we rose and fell on the great ground swells. Fortunately the tide was running in and set strongly round the Cape so we moved rapidly by the shore. We felt painfully small on that limitless expanse of water, our boat being the only speck on its broad surface. We were safe enough, however, so long as it kept calm, but only a moderate breeze would raise a sea that could swamp us. The town of Cape May was a long time approaching, but at last we came opposite it. No one was in the streets and the beach was deserted. A short distance beyond Cape May is Sea Grove, built right on the point, with the bay upon one side and between them is one of those freaks in architecture—an elephant hotel—and just as we came off this, the wind died away altogether and left us lying almost helpless, and still a long distance from the point, with the tide likely to change any minute and carry us back where we came from.

But in a short time we began to feel a breeze on our faces that we could not catch with the sail. Soon it died away. Then shortly after another puff stronger than the first reached us and set our boom swinging erratically inboard and out, another calm followed and then once more a breeze, and this time we could see it coming across the water. Luck was with us at last; it was coming from the south. Faintly at first it struck us, barely starting us through the water, then brisker and brisker, till it was blowing a fresh breeze that carried us along at a good pace, and in a short time we rounded the last tip of the point with our sheet slacked all the way off and came into the bay and, as we did so, met the ebb tide running down to the sea. The south wind had come just in the nick of time.

All morning and the greater part of the afternoon the wind held the same, but about four o'clock, when we had reached the end of the Cape where the shore trends off to the west, it began to increase rapidly in strength. We had headed westward when we noticed this change and were standing for a point a number of miles away, marked by several black tree tops. The direction in which we were not sailing brought the wind abeam, a fortunate circumstance, for soon it came on to blow hard, and if we had been sailing free, our boat would have become unmanageable. We went on for an hour or so, the breeze growing stronger all the time, until it had developed into a small gale that ruffled the

## ROUND CAPE MAY POINT IN A SNEAK BOX



(Conclusion)

by T. Harry Walnut

(From the June  
1902 issue of *Rudder*.)

Submitted by  
Roger Allen)

surface of the bay and covered it with ugly brown seas which bore down savagely on our quarter. Our stern would rise on them and we would go coasting like an avalanche down their sides with our bow nearly buried under the next. We were making remarkably fast time, and the trees ahead of us rapidly grew more distinct and soon we could see the shore itself, and then we noticed that it ran out some distance beyond where we had expected. We hoped fervently that Maurice River would be on the other side, for we were anxious to get into shelter of some kind, and quickly too.

At last we rounded the point and found that the shore fell off into a deep cover, with a steep meadow bank against which the waves were beating and splashing high in the air, but nowhere could we see anything like a river mouth, and our hearts sank. But soon they rose again, for we caught sight of an oyster sloop heading directly for the shore, and when she reached it we saw her pass through an opening invisible to us, and looking ahead of her we caught sight of a forest of masts rising out of the meadows, each with a topsail hanging from the masthead. Evidently there was a harbor there, but it was too risky to think of running for it before the wind while carrying full sail, so we stood out some distance farther from shore where we thought the waves might be less choppy and we dropped anchor. As soon as we brought up we felt the full force of the wind; it whistled past our ears and rove a shower of spray in our faces. I had to shout to make my voice carry the length of the boat. Charlie undid the halyards and down came the sail, flapping in the wind, the gaff swinging and jerking like a thing bewitched, and the boat under our feet pitching viciously at its cable's end. Our shins were driven against the sides of the cockpit till they were raw, and a dozen times the struggling boom nearly pushed us overboard.

But we conquered at last and got our handkerchief sail up. Then Charlie, waiting his chance, jumped to the bow and, holding on by the mast, pulled up on the cable. I thought surely we would run through the next

sea and my heart almost stood still as a big wave, looking higher than Charlie and as perpendicular as a wall, rushed at us. I took hold of something, gripping it like grim death, and stopped breathing with my eyes glued on that wave. But in a moment the bow had lifted—Charlie and anchor both—and we were freed from bottom and driving rapidly backward. I jammed the tiller hard-a-port and, as the bow swung off, hauled the sail amidships. The wind struck it and we spun around like a top and were off before the seas too quickly for them to catch us broadside.

We heaved two large sighs of relief as we felt ourselves safe once more, and taking a sloop for a guide, followed it through the narrow, deep slit in the bank into Maurice River, where, after viewing the great fleet of oyster craft we put up for the night in a cozy little niche in the bank sheltered by grass as high as our mast, which kept off the wind so well that a candle on the deck would scarcely have flickered.

When we awoke in the morning the sun was barely up and hidden behind heavy gray clouds. The wind had shifted to the north, as we discovered upon leaving our shelter. It was nearly seven o'clock when we came out into the bay and saw ahead of us a boundless expanse of rough, dreary-looking water. On the left was the point we had rounded the night before, and to the right was another point that stretched as far as we could see out into the bay, and along this we stood close-hauled. Once beyond it and we felt sure we would be in the river and able to see the other shore, which was what we were particularly anxious for, since now we felt almost as a man would, crawling along the edge of a precipice—nothingness upon one side of him.

The wind was only moderate and gradually decreasing, but there was considerable sea running and we pounded too much to make rapid progress. For a long time we sailed and at last a black streak on the end of the point took the shape of a small lighthouse, and finally we came opposite it, and then stood far out into the bay before going about, from which position we could look around the end of the point, and to our great disappointment found that we could trace a continuous shore line connecting with another tree-marked point away off to the westward. We tacked to the shore, passing not far astern of a two-masted coasting schooner lying at anchor. As we were out of water, we ran alongside of her and called to one of the crew who good-naturedly filled our bucket for us. When I followed him onto the deck the schooner, though only a small one, seemed as large as a church; its sides were half as high as our mast and made our little



craft look like the merest cockle-shell, the sailor soon came back with our water and as he pushed us off gave us a handsome complement, "You have a boat there as'll stand by ye," he said. This just touched a tender spot, for while we knew our boat wasn't beautiful we were proud of her seaworthiness. From here we stood across the cove and sailed till the shore behind us faded to indistinctness and yet the shore ahead seemed no closer, while the land connecting the two was merely an indefinite line, there was little wind and the water was smooth; apparently we were not advancing at all. It was the perfection of tediousness. There was nothing stationary to gauge our speed by, so that we felt as though we were idly rocking back and forth in the lap of the sea and gaining not so much as an inch. And how insignificant we felt, all alone on the bay with shore so far off as scarcely to make a boundary to the horizon. Everywhere we looked was the same monotonous, placid gray water, not a log or a stick to vary its appearance. We read Stevenson's "Suicide Club" and told stories and talked and dreamed to while away the time, and once were interested by a tortoise as large round as a table which we almost ran over as it was sunning itself on the surface. But with all our ingenuity at contriving pastimes we were ready to conclude the sail intermingle, when our destination began to grow appreciably larger and the shore became visible jutting out a long ways beyond the trees we had pointed for, so that when finally we arrived at the land we had a tiresome spell of beating against the tide before reaching the extremity of the point. And for all our striving we were destined to disappointment, for now we could see that the shore in front of us made a deep loop and then again projected out into the bay. This discovery nearly threw us into despair, and we began to think the Delaware was a mirage we were doomed to keep following the rest of our days round an endless succession of points.

It was late in the afternoon before we had crossed the cove, and meanwhile the sun had broken through the clouds and the blue sky came into view all overhead. There was just breeze enough to make the water crisp and it sparkled at every ripple. All around, it was too bright for us to feel doleful long and we began to be cheerful, and lo and behold as we passed the point we caught sight of a streak along the western horizon which, as far as we could trace it, extended parallel to the Jersey shore. It was Delaware without a doubt, and at last we were actually in the river with the other shore in sight, and as if nothing could bear to mar our good fortune

the wind conveniently worked round a little, and we hauled our sheet and stood directly up the river, with our spirits at the top notch of jubilation.

Halfway down in the sea off to the left was a lonely lighthouse, the only stationary thing in the expanse of moving waters. A big steamer when past it on its way to sea with a long thin trail of black smoke streaking the sky behind it.

We had not gone far when a large buck-eye came into sight astern. It overhauled and passed us before we had gone more than a few miles and later put into a snug little harbor, where we had half a mind to follow her, but as the weather looked settled we decided to push on and sail by night. But when the sun went down and the chilly night air came across the water we gave up the idea and standing in close to shore, cast anchor and put up for the night.

We turned out bright and early, in time to see the finest sunrise anyone could imagine and also to catch the flood tide. We were set upon making home before another day should pass, and this determination completely destroyed the charms of sleeping in a boat. There was a gentle breeze from the north to carry us along and we slipped rapidly by the bank. For a time the view up river was obstructed by a point, on passing which we caught sight of grim, square Fort Delaware upon the opposite shore, with the United States flag flying over it. The distance between us and it did not look very great, and we were surprised at the time it took us to cover it, but at last we came opposite the fort and then it faded into the distance as quickly as it had been slow in approaching.

The wind had been growing stronger all this time, and when we reached the fort was blowing fiercely and stirring up a sea that kept our decks continually flooded, but for all that we were going upstream at a remarkable pace, when the breeze died away as quickly as it had risen and left us lying becalmed off Newcastle. Once in awhile barely perceptible puffs from all quarters came across the water, but they did us little good, and we stewed and fretted and complained about our luck. We had plenty of comrades in misery, however, for boats, large and small, drifted along with us, and for awhile we lay alongside of a schooner-rigged hay scow whose crew were having a great loaf in the soft hay.

Later the wind came in faintly from the same quarter as earlier in the morning, and by taking advantage of it we soon left our cumbersome companions far behind. Some miles beyond Newcastle we overtook a heavy Dutch schooner with broad bows and bulg-

ing sides slowly beating up river: we passed her almost as if she were standing still.

At Pensgrove we landed and bought a few provisions, and on putting out again we discovered to our great satisfaction that the wind had veered round and was coming in from the south and all the boats in sight down river were coming up with their sheets slacked way off and the schooners wing and wing. The old Dutchman was in plain sight, and not far behind him we could see the lofty sides of the hay scow..

We sailed along near to the marshy Jersey shore till we had left Wilmington behind, which we had a good view of lying across the stream in the midst of purple mountains. In the channel along the western bank were a small fleet of vessels racing up stream; one fast schooner soon took the lead and other craft lined out according to their individual qualities. The Dutchman and the hay scow brought up the rear in a spirited contest for last place, with the odds as we finally decided slightly in favor of the hay scow. They remained in sight all the way up past Chester and Chester Island, and it was not till we were as far up as the navy yard that their spreading sails were lost to view astern.

For eleven good hours we had had a strong tide under us and we were not unprincipled enough to grumble when we met the ebb a little below the mouth of the Schuylkill, though it did make a big difference in our prospects and put home a long ways farther off.

As we drew near the heart of the city the river became more crowded and we had to cross the lines of ferryboats, where we were tossed about in a startling fashion by the swells from the lumbering craft. Night had come on in earnest before we were much more than halfway past the city, but the wind continued brisk, and we glide don in darkness, keeping a sharp lookout for steamers; every moving light was given a wide berth and, if the truth must be told, we even shied at some that were not moving.

Several times we had rapid maneuvering to do, but always escaped accident and finally, to our great relief, drew away from the danger point and passed on up river, and by midnight were safely home and in bed sleeping off the somewhat exhausting effects of an eight days' cruise in a sneak box.

25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**



## Gray Fleets

The US Navy released its Naval War College Global War Game Report 2014 in February. The game itself consisted of five different “countries” labeled Red, Brown, Green, Gray and Purple within a region called Bartland that resembles no specific region or nation, although the narrow straits between Brown and Red have a similarity to Gibraltar and the peninsula of Green could be seen as an Italy. Gray is a large island in the middle of a sea while Purple is a land mass not unlike the west side of the Middle East.

A surprising aspect of the game was the use of cipher components. Each team was allowed to use email for inter general communications and “chat lines” for intra connections with broadband use, offensive and defensive jamming and encryption, file size and other electronic opportunities and restrictions.

Teams were comprised of personnel from the Naval War College, Office of Naval Intelligence and outside experts in specific areas. They were adjudicated on cyber operations, counter space operations, anti air warfare, ballistic missile defense, naval surface warfare, undersea warfare and land combat.

Table war games and operational war games (with real ships and personnel) have been around forever but it should be remembered that Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz said that virtually every Pacific battle had been played out in war games before the war. Unfortunately we did not pay much attention to the results.

Admiral Harry Yarnell, commanding carriers during war games in the 1930s, secretly sent his ships north of the Hawaiian Islands and sent his biplane bombers on an early Sunday morning attack on Pearl Harbor. They “bombed” the harbor with no opposition, but umpires ruled against such an attack. The experts stated that no enemy fleet could come that close to Hawaii without being found, that bombing was inaccurate and could not cause significant damage to ships, that torpedoes could not be used because of the shallow waters of the harbor and that intelligence would have forewarned the aviation components on Oahu that would have an aerial fighter screen protecting US islands from any attack. Interestingly, the one observer that had different perceptions was Japan’s Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto.

The US remains troubled by chronic piracy, especially in the Gulf of Guinea where Boko Haram continues to seize tankers for ransom, kidnap individuals and raise general hell all over Central Africa. The Marine Corps Commandant has ordered his minions to develop and study plans for operating against this group. His demand was typically straightforward, have it done and ready for operation within the year.

While the USMC cogitates counter piracy operations, China has sent submarines into the Gulf of Aden to fly the flag for Iran but primarily to counter pirates. The People’s Liberation Army/Naval (PLAN) has already sent two surface ships into the Gulf as a prerequisite for submarine visits.

A design flaw in the arresting cable wire mechanisms on carriers currently being built has pushed back construction about two years according to Naval Sea Systems Command. General Atomics, the builder, is on a fixed cost contract so they have to absorb the tests and reconstruction of the Advanced Arresting Gear’s “water twister” that is a paddle wheellike assembly that absorbs approxi-



## Beyond the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

mately 70% of the landing force. A couple of engineers are probably not going to earn this year’s bonus pay. No doubt the major executives won’t have to sweat a loss of salary. They never do.

What is a ship? Apparently this is a major question in Washington politics and is quite a problem for those politicians who maintain the Navy doesn’t have enough ships and those who say they do, kind of. For most of our history the number of ships that were commissioned and manned by active duty crew was considered the Battle Force Fleet, and the Reserve fleet or ships crewed by Reserves were not considered.

Under the Carter Administration, all ships that were in the Navy, Navy Reserve and civilian ships under Navy control were counted and called the Ships Operating Force. But Ronald Reagan campaigned that the US had too few ships to maintain lanes of communication and asked his Secretary of Navy, John Lehman, to come up with a different system because too many of the vessels were insignificant or too small to be considered. Lehman went back to the older system and Reagan pushed for an astronomic 600 ship fleet.

Ray Mabus, the current Secretary of Navy, came up with a system that included all ships that were combat ready and readily available for overseas service. This includes both active duty ships and those in the Naval Reserve Force Fleet. If that weren’t complicated enough, the Defense Department has its own counting classification that does not count Maritime Prepositioning Force Ships (supply ships anchored around the world with munitions, food and equipment for the Army and Air Force as well as the Navy and Marines).

The Navy responded by dropping patrol craft, certain research ships and Cyclone class patrol ships. Mabus also signified that ships undergoing significant and lengthy refit would not be counted but hospital ships would be an element of the census if they were deployed but not counted if in their homeport. Poor Congress, which has little clue about much of anything, had been totally befuddled by the various ship counts that vary between 271 and 308. Methinks it has much ado about politics, budgets, campaign strategies and money.

## White Fleets

Terrorists killed a total of 20 people from the MSC Cruise ship *Splendida* when the ship docked in Tunisia. Guests of the ship had been escorted to the Bardo National Museum in La Goulette when they were caught in the crossfire between the terrorists and passengers from another ship. Security forces killed two but three of the terrorists escaped. The ship left port the following morning. Tunisia is rocking with violent Muslim factions openly fighting in the streets.

## Merchant Ships

In a bizarre accident, the US fishing ship, *American Dynasty*, slammed into a docked Canadian naval frigate, *HMCS Winnipeg*, causing considerable damage to the ships, the dock and injuring six workers. The resulting NTSB report is an interesting document of foul ups at all levels. The esteemed expert on maritime issues, Dennis Bryant, stated, “This incident was the result of too many errors and failures and misadventures, including an unfortunately timed potty break, to easily summarize. I highly recommend reading the report in full.”

When entering the harbor the Master turned controls over to the Docking Pilot who requested that the main engines be shut down and the radar turned off. The Master called down these orders to the Chief Engineer and hung up, however, the Chief Engineer was not there (he was in the bathroom) and an oiler answered the call. Having no idea what to do and no experience in shutting down engines, he asked an electrician for advice. He was told to punch a button on the panel. The oiler did so and left the room for the machinery space to work on oil transfer. While he did shut down the Propulsion Control, he left the engines clutched in with the propellers still turning. Meanwhile, the Master turned off the bow thrusters and steering pumps.

When the Master Engineer came back from his potty break he was unable to rectify the situation with all electricity cut off. It seems that a worker back in Seattle had used up all the juice in the emergency generator and failed to set it for regeneration on the way to Canada. Worse, the breaker between the generator and emergency generator tripped when the switch was thrown.

The Dock Master noticed no slackening in speed and the Ship’s Master tried to call the Engineer but communications were down with no power. Captain of the *Seaspan Foam* attempted to rig a line to the stern of the *American Dynasty* but blew the brake on his towing winch. The Chief Engineer of the fishing trawler left the engineering areas to manually throw the breakers and was unaware of the impending collision. The Master immediately attempted to drop anchor and blow his whistle noting impending collision, however, the equipment for the anchor was down, all communications were lost and the whistle did not function.

Evidently in the panic that ensued, no one thought about pushing the emergency stop button that would have immediately switched control back to the bridge and stopped the propellers. The *American Dynasty*, at a speed of over five knots, slammed into the Canadian ship, pushing the frigate into the dock and injuring workers.

Investigators found mountains of errors including an emergency failsafe sensor on the generator had been disabled by a jumper wire, batteries were unable to hold a charge, the Control systems had oil leaks, the oil distribution box had broken seals, the computers on the bridge were outdated and did not provide required information and the Docking Master had no experience with the *American Dynasty* or similar ships. This entire episode is an expensive cross between the Keystone Kops and Murphy’s Law.

This incident, one of several, brings to the fore the issue of merchant ship conditions and the overall ability of the Merchant Marine in general. Obviously the world is sailed by rundown ships flagged under sun-



dry countries that only certify to make money and by personnel inadequately trained or only vaguely on task.

A tanker carrying 1000cbm of diesel ran aground in Greece near the island of Rhodes. The *M/V Taxiarchis*, a 2,400dwT tanker, ran onto shallow grounds, damaging the hull. It was refloated, patched and made its way to port. Although no spills were reported, the Greek government has detained the ship and her crew.

The world's largest container ship, the *MSC Oscar*, will be joined by a sister ship, the *MSC Oliver*, this spring. The behemoths are larger than four soccer fields and carry about 35% more cargo than other large maritime ships. Diego Aponte, CEO of Mediterranean Shipping Company, says that the new ships will also reduce CO<sub>2</sub> emissions by a third over other similar ships.

MSC is scheduled to build about 18 more of these giants but skeptics wonder how many ports can handle these ships. MSC maintains that these ships are the most effective and efficient ships on the seas.

An Arctic passage has been a goal for over the last 200 years or more, now with global warming and a shrinking ice pack, the Northern Sea Route (NSR) shipping has increased significantly from a handful to over 71 voyages cutting the distance from China to Europe by 40%. China, which had ignored this avenue, has now taken great interest in this new shipping route. Russia and Canada have bickered over control of the NSR for a couple of years and occasionally rattle sabers to emphasize their perspectives while the UN continues to investigate the issues.

In 2013 the Chinese sent its first cargo ship, *MV Yong Sheng*, to Rotterdam via the icy straits and now has a solid agreement with Iceland for bilateral cooperation on NSR concerns. High level Chinese officials visited Iceland and a Chinese icebreaker made a port visit there. Iceland became the first European nation to sign accord with China and has opened banking operations to facilitate shipping. COSCO, China's shipping giant, has made port calls and the CEO visited the Nordic nation.

Iceland, in deep fiscal survivability mode, sees itself as the great Arctic trans-shipping hub between China and Europe. China could spend as much as \$500 million on port facilities. How great the amount of shipping will continue through the Northwest Passage and the NSR is open for question but both Iceland and China desire to in the forefront.

## Environmental Issues

Alaska's Aleutian Islands have suffered mightily from pollution after the wrecking of the *MV Selendang Ayu* broke in two during bad weather ten years ago killing six crew and spilling 300,000 gallons of heavy oil into the fragile environment. Now the International Maritime Organization (IMO) has created a buffer zone around the island where large transports are to avoid.

In 2014 more than 2,000 ships made over 4,600 trips through the Unimak Pass carrying oil, shale oil and coal to Asia. This area is home to Stellar sea lions, unique coral species and abundant fish. It also is the home region for the Aleut communities and a thriving fishing industry.

The Transportation Research Board of the National Academies designed assessment frameworks and studies for a five year analysis that identified and quantified navigation and environment problems. The US asked the IMO for a buffer zone of 55 miles from the shoreline which consists of 1200 miles of North Pacific waters. This zone would allow powerless and drifting ships to undergo repairs or seek assistance. The entire process was highly praised by Friends of the Earth whose spokesperson stated that the establishment of a buffer zone signifies international interest in the fragile environment of the Aleutians.

An op ed in *Maritime Executive* written by Adam Murray, JD, of Washington University's Arctic Law and Policy Institute, stated that the Coast Guard vs Congressional Priorities fight regarding icebreakers has become desperate. Down to a pair of these ships, Coast Guard Admiral Charles Ray maintains that the need for additional ships is vital to their mission. The Admiral commented that being down to two icebreakers means that maintenance of one of these ships leaves a polar region without a ship. Citing the day to day duties of the Coast Guard, the flag officer ascertained that mission compliance is impossible.

Unfortunately, sequestration has put the Coast Guard in a precarious position trying to prioritize ship building. With 1500 aging cutters, boats and aircraft, the Coasties are caught between that proverbial rock and a hard place. One of the primary issues facing them is a Presidential agenda that wants greater polar oil exploration without spending money he doesn't have.

## Big Boats and Things That Go Bump

*Sail* magazine printed a story about boats, ships and whales that indicates that among other pollutants in our water, noise pollution is wreaking havoc with our largest ocean inhabitants. *Moby Dick*, one of the classics of American literature, uses the sinking of the *Essex* by a sperm whale as the foundation tale about good vs evil. Interestingly, *Essex* was only one of several ships destroyed by annoyed whales. While the *Essex* story is one of oceanic survival and cannibalism, *Pussie Hall*, *Lydia*, *Two Generals* and *Pocahontas* were simply sunk by whales. A sperm whale seriously damaged the clipper ship, *Herald of the Morning*.

The internet's YouTube showed a photo of a breaching whale leaping onto a sailboat. Although many thought it was a hoax, the video is true. The Robertson family's 42' sailboat was sunk by a pod of whales stranding them at sea for 38 days off the coast of the Galapagos Islands. A South African sailor thought a whale was going to swim underneath his boat but the beastie jumped onto the boat, busting off the mast. Evidently the whale was unharmed.

NOAA's research indicates that whale/boat collisions are not uncommon. In the period 1975-2002, 262 ship incidents were recorded. Between 2002 and 2006 some 58 accidents killed 28 whales. NOAA blames some of this on sound wave issues.

Sailboats make little noise underwater and are susceptible to being unheard by whales, especially right whales that move slowly, stay close to the surface and are easily confused. Ship traffic, sonar signals, seismic surveying and a whole list of other noisemakers are partially to blame. One scientist states that big cargo ships move slowly enough that their noise is so very gradual that whales do not pay any attention to them until it is too late.

*Sail's* article noted that sperm whales average 30-40 tons, the right whale is about 70 tons, the humpback runs between 30-40 tons and the blue whale is over 120 tons. The size of these behemoths suggests that serious damage could be done to an average sailboat or motor cruiser. A bit of an understatement for the owner of a West Wight Potter 15, huh?

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The Buffalo Maritime Center is a very busy place this spring. The ongoing classes of high school kids are progressing well on the skiffs in the classroom shop. The adult builders are working on strip built canoes and kayaks. The Antique and Classic boat society (ACBS) has filled up the east side of the shop (now the ACBS shop) with a dozen or so boats in various stages of repair or restoration. The model boat shop has been completed and workbenches and some models are now being set up.



Skipjack model.

The ACBS shop has 16'-18' motorboats and larger cabin cruising boats. Mr Tom Russett's *Schwatzmeir* is one that is nearing completion and being readied for launch this summer. There are several other antique runabouts nearing completion as well. That shop has been completely filled up and there is a waiting list for the upcoming fall work season.



Tom Russett's boat.

Classroom shop.



## Buffalo Maritime Center Spring Update 2015

By Greg Grundtisch

In the Center's main shop there is the *USS Trippe*. This was originally to be a Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter, now being converted to one of Oliver Perry's smallest warships of the war of 1812. It has yet to be determined when it will be completed, but it is a few years off, STILL!



*USS Trippe*.

The white *Electra* that Steve Krisinski has been preparing for launch this season is looking better than ever. He has repaired the steering, done some painting and cosmetic work and he made all the necessary repairs to prepare her for a spring launch. This is the Center's tour boat that is used to take passengers around the Inner Harbor, giving tours of the historic buildings and sites of days gone by, and Steve has an amazing volume of knowledge of local history that he shares with the folks on board. Steve makes this a fun boat ride that you should not miss if you are in Buffalo. He lets the kids drive the boat, too.

On the other side of the main shop there are canoes and kayaks in various stages of completion and quite a few have already been finished and out the door waiting for warmer weather. Gary Kresser and Brian McGowan

have been working as mentor and instructor with many of the high school kids' boat projects, along with the adult builds and the Center's boats, also.

In the middle of the main shop is the Buffalo Whaler. This is to be a somewhat scaled down Erie Boat, similar to the *Scajaquada*, the Maritime Center's flagship that is also the logo for the Buffalo Maritime Center. This boat is being built by the Center's volunteers. Its design is by Roger Allen. Brad Sweet and Mark McQuestion are the lead men heading up this project, among others. The launch date has not yet been set, but likely the 2016 season.



Buffalo Whaler.

Next to the Whaler is an Alden sloop, a full keel daysailer. The keel has been removed and work has been halted due to the health concerns of the owner. More on that in later updates. Next to the Alden is the Center's No Mans Land boat. This workboat design is named after an island off the west end of Marthas Vinyard. This boat was donated to the Center about 25 years ago and is now undergoing a complete restoration, including a new "skin" over the existing planks. This was a batten seam hull and some of the battens were bad, along with other issues, that required a full restoration rather than just making repairs. This will go in the water this season after a three year restoration.



Alden sloop (left) and Nomans Land boat.

The meeting room, now a temporary shop.







Kayaks and canoes.



The ACBS shop.

The *Scajaquada* is getting some attention, also, but at another location. It will eventually be brought into the shop for final inspection and then into the water.

In the west end of the building that was originally to be a meeting room, a boat shop is now in place as space has become difficult to secure at the Maritime Center. A good problem.

To the north of this shop is the machine shop. There are a dozen or more machines of all sorts that, by the time you read this, should be set up and electrified. Next door to that shop is the foundry that has yet to be set up. It is planned to be operational in the not too distant future. I hope this winter.

Then there is the second floor. The main room will be a couple of offices and a library. The library is being set up as of this writing and looks like it has some interesting volumes to peruse. The Center is always looking for anyone who has any extra or unwanted nautical books in any discipline, from foundry, forge, electrical, boat building,

restoration, engines both diesel or gas or any boat related topic.

This season the Maritime Center has a variety of in the water boats that will be available. They will be part of the many events that this 2015 season has planned for the new waterfront and Inner Harbor at Canalside. Google the Buffalo Maritime Center for the website. It has the contact information for the shop and upcoming summer and fall events will be posted there, too.

Almost lastly, please do stop by the shop, if only to visit the Center and see what's going on. It is a good place to see boats in various stages of building and restoration, and the people working there are very approachable and willing to take time to answer questions and explain what they are doing with their projects. If interested, the shop is always looking for volunteers to work on boats or the building itself. No experience or tools required. The fun and enjoyment is priceless.

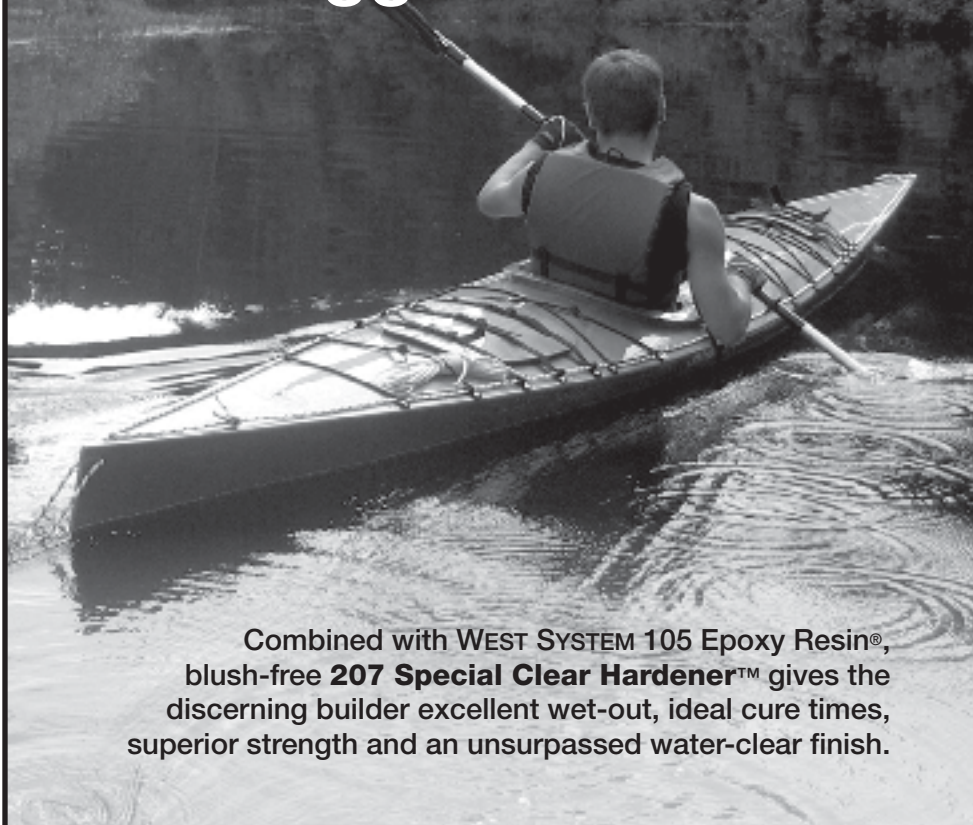
Nearly lastly, the Buffalo Maritime Center is the local Traditional Small Craft Association's homeport for meetings and boating

activities. The TSCA members will be working on the Buffalo Whaler and some of their own small boats. Join the Center or join the TSCA and you will be warmly welcomed by myself or one of the other members. It is fun, and don't forget to bring a friend.

Really lastly, the Center will have several boats for the public to take part in some evening boat rides, FREE! The *Electra* for touring the Inner and Outer Harbor and the *Scajaquada* and the *O.K. Clark* (the No Mans Land Boat) will be used for the evening sails, also FREE! As last year, the evening sails will be in the skilled and capable hands of Brian McGowan, a notable Great Lakes sailor. The lovely and talented Naomi and I may also be on board for some of these evening sails this year. Did I mention it's fun and bring a friend, or kid or grandkid? There is always room for one more, or two.

Check the website for dates and times or call and talk to Roger Allen, the Center's director. Or you can contact me at [grundyswood-works@roadrunner.com](mailto:grundyswood-works@roadrunner.com), or (716) 681-1315.

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Mystic Seaport is partnering with *WoodenBoat* and the Traditional Small Craft Association to host the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop as part of the WoodenBoat Show. Participants can both enjoy the Show and follow John Gardner's example to show that traditional small craft are a practical and economical way to enjoy the water. The Small Craft Workshop will be based on the Australia Beach where a string of floats will be provided for our use.

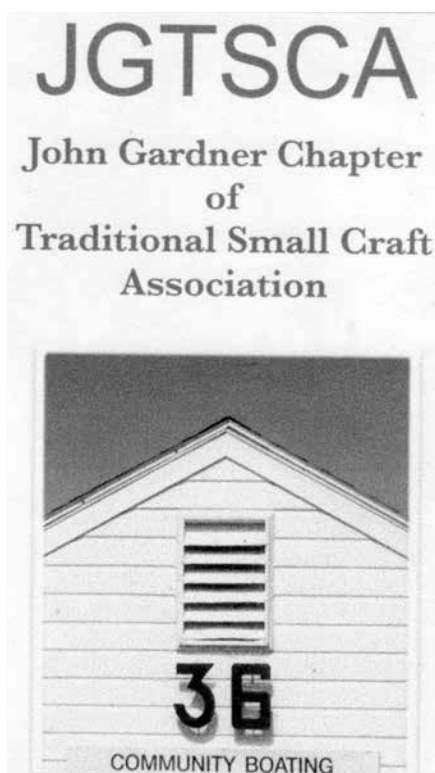
The Workshop will include a display of participant's boats, shared use of participant's boats at the discretion of the owners, demonstrations of small boat skills, morning rows on Saturday and Sunday and guided access to the Museum's boat storage area. This should be a great time to get together with like minded traditional boat folks to share our love and knowledge of traditional small craft with others and spend some quality time with friends new and old on the beach and underway. We encourage workshop participants to volunteer to assist with one or more of these activities.

Full information concerning logistics and how to sign up is on the Seaport website. Search for "Small Craft Workshop." Be sure to send in your registration form by June 19. The registration fee includes access to the three day WoodenBoat Show.

### Workshop Activities

**Use of Participant's Boats:** Workshop boats will be located on the beach or the floats at Australia Beach to be available for use by others at the boat owner's discretion. Participants will need to oversee the use of their boats. To be consistent with the rules of the adjacent boathouse, the wearing of PFDs when boating is encouraged so bring PFDs for yourself and your crew.

**Mystic Seaport Boat House Livery:** *WoodenBoat* has made the Boat House Livery available for trying out a variety of rowing and sailing craft at no charge. The Boat



[www.TSCA.net/JohnGardner](http://www.TSCA.net/JohnGardner)

## John Gardner Small Craft Workshop – June 26-28

Brought to you by TSCA, *WoodenBoat* and Mystic Seaport 2015

House rental boats will be in operation during the Workshop at no charge during the weekend so feel free to experience any or all

of their beautiful collection of rowing boats. The Boat House will operate independently from the Workshop with its own rules.

**Demonstrations and Workshops:** Several workshops are planned on both land and water. Participants are encouraged to attend, suggest ideas and present topics which may include rowing and feathering, sculling, rigging, reefing, anchoring, sail setting, knot tying, making hardware or outfitting for safety. The plan is to have these presentations take place on Friday at 3pm, Saturday at 11am, 1pm and 3pm and Sunday at 11am and 1pm. Contact Bill Rutherford at [smallcrafter@gmail.com](mailto:smallcrafter@gmail.com) with ideas or to volunteer.

**Morning Row:** Workshop attendees who wish to join the cruise down the Mystic River to Mason's Island or up river to Old Mystic (the direction depending on favorable wind and tide) should gather at Australia Beach at 8am on Saturday and/or Sunday. Efforts will be made to place participants who did not bring a boat a place on another attendee's boat or a JGTSCA dory.

**Mystic Seaport Small Boat Collection Open House:** The Museum's Small Boat Collection which is not normally open to the public will be open each day of the Show from 2:30pm to 4:30pm. It is accessed through the loading dock doors in the rear of the Collections Building across from Latitude 41. TSCA will offer a guided tour of the Collection leaving from the TSCA Booth at Australia Beach at 3:30pm both Saturday and Sunday afternoons. A few other small boats on display may be observed on the way across the Museum campus as opportunity presents.

**Saturday Night Dinner:** On Saturday night join other WoodenBoat Show participants in the River Room at Latitude 41 for dinner. Tickets for the Tribute Dinner must be purchased in advance of the Show by calling the WoodenBoat Store at (800)273-7447 or online at theWoodenBoatStore.

## Traditional Boat of the Month The Flat-Bottom Skiff

By Mr Cleat



Mystic Seaport Boathouse volunteer Alanna Edwards takes her dog Tucker for a row in *Mary*—Sharon Brown Photograph

Sometimes called a "Flatiron Skiff" after the shape of Grandma's iron that she heated on the stove, a flat bottomed skiff is famously, "hard to design but easy to build." With only four lines (sheer and rocker in elevation, chine and sheer in plan) plus a cross section, it is devilishly difficult to get right. Most designers use an earlier fisherman's skiff as a starting point. The trickiest part is picking the point where the bottom transitions from flat for a sweeping curve to a transom that just clears the wake.

Construction is simpler. Back in the day of wide old growth planks one could just

bend them around a mold, add a transom and cross plank the bottom. The result can be a beautifully proportioned boat like the Westport skiff tied up to the floating dock under the *Conrad's* bow. In this day of plywood it is almost that easy. Cross planked bottoms have some real advantages, shorter pieces of wood, smooth, easy to clean bottoms inside and little need for framing or floorboards.

Case in point is our Atkin skiff, *Nina*, abuilding at our Avery Point Community Boathouse. Of course, it will be rigged for sail but the hull design is very much Flatiron Skiff. Another excellent example is Robert Steward's "Susan" skiff, one of which is in the Mystic Seaport Boathouse Livery fleet, skiff *Mary*. What follows is Sharon Brown's ode to *Mary*. We think you will enjoy her as much as we do, come try her out. If you get excited and want to build one, the plans are available at [DNGoodchild.com](http://DNGoodchild.com) for a whopping \$3.50. Enter the Shellback Library, click on Small Craft Plans, scroll down to General Purpose and Utility Boats and look for Susan.



## Small Craft Notes from Sharon Brown: *Susan Skiff Mary*

11'3"x3'10"

Be serious, be passionate, wake up!  
First Published in *Rudder* in 1952

Robert M. Steward's design for a "Susan simple 11' flat bottom rowboat" has stood the test of time. Intended to be nothing more than a plain, stable, easy to handle flat bottomed rowboat, her simplicity makes her construction suitable for amateurs and for many years, an introductory project for students at The Apprenticeship founded by Lance Lee at Bath's Maine Maritime Museum in 1972 and quoted in H. Taft's, *Good Wooden Boats from Maine* (Camden, Maine, 1982), "The things we're anxious to see restored are craftsmanship, human energy, a concern for the quality of whatever is being done and the sort of long range thinking that involves people in pride creating endeavor."

Our *Mary* epitomizes Steward's design intentions, the skill of her unknown apprentice builder and her everyday use capitalizes on Lee's philosophy. The Boathouse mantra, "Everybody loves *Mary*," is easily understood by anyone who takes her leathery 7' or 7 1/2' spruce oars in hand and pushes off from the Boathouse float, easily stroking her



responsive hull tracking on her small skeg toward the channel. You immediately feel comfortable as she is stable and not fighting you. You may adjust your weight slightly or your handle grip, but you are essentially at ease and ready to explore, enjoy the surroundings or teach your child/companion how to row. She's a peach! And for this reason is often preferred by Boathouse personnel rushing to assist a customer.

Weighing ca 150lbs, she is planked with  $\frac{5}{8}$ " northern cedar on oak frames with a standard  $\frac{3}{4}$ " cedar cross planked bottom and copper clench nail and silicon bronze screw fastened. Her topsides and thwarts are painted white and interior and rubrail finished out with a mix of linseed oil and turpentine, facilitating her annual maintenance. She is fitted with two rowing stations to accommodate up to three souls comfortably on her lines though she is best appreciated with two or less.

The pages of *WoodenBoat* No 87 and *Design Quarterly* No 8 offer related insight. Though Steward's articles appeared regularly in publications like *Rudder* and *WoodenBoat*, he is perhaps best known for his *Boatbuilding Manual* first issued in 1970 (International Marine, Camden, Maine) and on the occasion of the 4th edition issue in 1994, was labeled by John Gardner, "The best building manual for wooden boats there is" (*National Fisherman* 74(9)Jan:38-39).

Our Susan, *Mary*, was donated in November 2001 by Carole and Wilbur S. Langdon III. Their family home fronted the Mystic River across from Mystic Seaport and their skiff was named for their mother, Mary L. Langdon, who passed away in 2001. A friend to the community at large and a much loved and respected voice teacher, Mary shared an interest in the sea, boats and the natural world and earlier donated the Beetle Cat *Wilbur Langdon*, named in memory of her husband. When visitors pull *Mary* up to *Wilbur Langdon's* mooring it is a fitting tribute to the contributions they both made to the Mystic community and reminder to those who knew them both, a continuation of their history on the river.

Their son has arranged many donations "in kind" over the years in support of Mystic Seaport Museum and especially The Boathouse where examples of such mentorship and philanthropy are living lessons for all.

March has been a busy month. George Spragg and Andy Strode took a day off to visit the Cape Cod Boat Show and pronounced it interesting and well presented. George kept a weather eye peeled for clever details to be used on his current builds.

The Catboat Association held its Annual Meeting in Groton, your Editor, George Spragg and Peter Vermilya attended. The keynote program was the 38th Voyage of the *Charles W. Morgan* which was an excellent presentation by the tag team of Dana Hewson, VP, and Sr Curator, Watercraft, who described the reconstruction and launching in words and pictures and Dan McFadden, Director of Communications who took us on the voyage in words, slides and videos. Made us proud to be affiliated with Mystic Seaport.

Then Sunday morning Marjorie O'Toole, Director of the Little Compton Historical Society, led an interesting talk about the original *Peggoty*, which is the model for the Bob Baker replica recently rejuvenated at the Seaport Boathouse. The original, after

## Around the Shops

### Avery Point Community Boathouse

Bill Armitage has been busy with the *Susan B Holland*, a modified Herreshoff rowing boat. It is right side up with a freshly sanded interior and new footrests ready for final prep prior to her upcoming summer adventure.

George Spragg, Andy Strode and Rob Pittaway are moving right along on the Atkin skiff *Nina* which now sports a new nose as an oak false stem has been fitted. The mast thwart has been cut for the mast and is ready to be glued in place. The seat thwarts are trimmed, edges beveled and beaded, ready to be screwed in place. The plank rivets are complete and finish sanding has begun. The boom jaws are installed and the curved gaff jaws cut from a solid block of oak we found.



### Home Shops

Peter Vermilya has set up the molds and stems for his Delaware Ducker and is fine tuning their alignment. He has moved from lofting to the building phase, setting up the boat atop the lofting table.

Your Editor has a sea chest partially assembled on his workbench similar to the ones on the *Morgan* but also informed by an article in *WoodenBoat* #147. He took the easy way out, however, using box joints rather than dovetails.

### The Seaport Boathouse

The power skiff *Gideon Manchester* and the Seaford skiff *Helen Packer* were refurbished and moved to the outdoor boat shed. The big Swampscott Dion dory and a small Chassion dory, *Fly*, moved in. The Dion's exterior is complete. The photo shows

the entire Thursday crew involved in rolling her over, leader Jim McGuire, Ted Stanton, Spencer Johnson, Bill Littell, Ed Rothman and Jeff Undercoffler. All before coffee.



### John Gardner Boatshop

The same crew moved Beetle Cat *Leo J. Telesmanick* outside under his canvas cover and moved Beetle Cat *Li'l Babe* in for her springtime freshening up. Beetle Cat *Lisa* remains inside for further work. She was turned right side up using overhead block and tackles preparatory to replacing a few frames. This photo shows Ed Rothman, Jim McGuire and Ted Stanton fitting a new frame fresh from Beetle, Inc's Boatshop. They drove up the day before to pick up some specific frames. Like Ford cars, Beetle still supplies spare parts, just remember to call ahead so they are steamed, ready and waiting.



## View from the Side Deck

### Fair Winds, Bill Rutherford

fishing, became Taggart's Ferry which carried goods and people from Taggart's Landing on Sailor's Lane to Middletown.

Artist Sidney Richmond Burleigh found her as an abandoned hulk which he took home to build a shed on to use as a studio from 1906-31. It was named for David Copperfield's nurse who lived in an upside down boat. In 1962 she was donated and moved to the Museum and it's roof rethatched but the rudder and keel stayed behind. In the 1980s a horse ate some of the thatch so the roof was again rethatched and put under a shed alongside the main barn. Burleigh, a leader in the Arts and Crafts movement, just for fun made the crow weathervane, he created and painted the name.

Your Editor attended the March 28 meeting of the Mystic Seaport Ship Modelers as organized by Bob Andries (small yachtsailor@gmail.com). Preparation of the

model of the tug *Kingston* has begun. Plans were obtained from the files of the Chief Naval Architect at Electric Boat, where she was built. Scale will be an inch to a foot so it will be a sizable 3' to 4'. Look for their in the water demos the third Saturday in June.

Those of you who attended last year's meet may remember Brian Cooper's demonstration on how to hand carve a Greenland paddle, he and his wife Judy lead the Conn Yak Paddler's group. Their schedule of events is at <http://www.connyak.ora/cgi-bin/BBS.pl/> with links to their Facebook and Meet Up pages. Note their excellent maps under Popular Paddles, the Barn Island route in our back yard looks interesting. Last year at the TSCA Meet, Brian led our morning row/paddles up and down the Mystic River and he has volunteered to do it again this year. Thanks, Brian!

A heads up. The Seaport Library Book Sale is also planned for the TSCA Meet weekend but will be located on the rear loading dock at the entrance to the Small Craft Collection in the Rossie Mill.



## Selections from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

### Winter Repairs

By Frank Stauss

I am not a fortune teller. I have no psychic ability. I can't pick the winning lottery numbers for this week nor can I predict with any degree of certainty if it is going to be a long, hot summer. However, with one piece of information about you I can predict your future with 100% reliability. If you tell me that you are the owner of a boat made of wood I know for certain what is on the horizon for you. At some point in the future you will be making repairs to that boat. Guaranteed, no doubt about it. Trust me. I speak from recent experience.

In September 2010 I completed my build of a Core Sound 17. Most of the boat is constructed of okoume plywood of varying thicknesses. During the non sailing months the boat sits on the hard with two heavy plastic tarps protecting it. During the sailing months the boat sits on a mooring in Union Lake. The interior of the boat is protected by a mooring cover. The deck is uncovered.

In September 2014 I was walking the boat from its mooring to the beach. I noticed at the bow what appeared to be a very small chip of paint missing from the deck near its intersection with the gunwale. A closer look revealed that the deck in this area was soft and rotting. With apprehension I inspected the entire deck and its intersection with the gunwale. Most of the deck was sound. Unfortunately there were additional soft spots discovered. Some of the spots were softer than others.



Holes I made showing soft deck.

I then inspected each spot on the deck where a piece of hardware was attached. Many, but not all, of these locations were also soft. The harsh fact was that my deck was rotting away at certain locations. Repairs were needed.

The boat was pulled for the season at the end of October and transported to my garage. A thorough inspection was made of the entire boat by both sight and touch. Fortunately the only problems found had to do with the deck. All other parts of the boat were sound. That was welcome news. Now came the task of deciding exactly how extensive the rot was.

First, I inspected each piece of hardware that was attached to the deck and felt and looked for softness. Once the problem areas were located I removed the hardware from the soft deck. Second, I inspected the entire deck

where it intersected the gunwale and looked and felt for rot. The bad areas were marked.

Next came the painful part. With chisels I dug out all of the rot on the deck. I decided that I would have to be ruthless. I could not allow any rot to remain and possibly continue to infect the good deck after the repairs were made. Once I completed the rot removal I sat back and looked at my handiwork. Not a pretty sight.



Chiseling out rot.



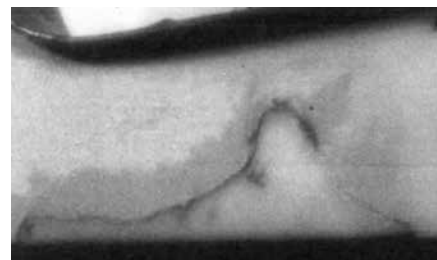
Original location where rot was detected.



Rot along the gunwale.

There were several ways I could have gone about repairing the deck. What I decided to do was to use thickened epoxy to fill in all of the holes. I installed packing tape on the underside of the deck to give me a firm base to pour the epoxy over. I then mixed up the epoxy, making sure that it was very thick and not runny. Then I troweled the epoxy into the holes. After one day I inspected my work and decided that some of the spots would need a second application of epoxy. I wanted

to make sure that there were no indentations where the repairs were made. I wanted the repairs to blend in perfectly with the existing deck. If the epoxy was higher than the surrounding deck, that was fine. I could rasp and sand the epoxy to the correct height.



Repaired deck.

Next was to sand the repairs even with the remaining deck. Once completed I then drilled holes to reattach the previously removed hardware. The entire deck was then painted with two coats of paint and the hardware was installed. The job was done.



Completed job.

During the entire repair job I thought about the cause of the problem. Why did my deck rot out in some places and not others? When the boat was built I covered the outside of the hull and deck with fiberglass cloth and three coats of epoxy. Additionally, when I installed the gunwale I used thickened epoxy and screws. I thought that the edge of the plywood deck where it intersected with the gunwale was sufficiently coated in epoxy.

Apparently not. Most of the edge was but there were spots that were not properly coated. This enabled water to wick its way into the plywood from its edge. As for the rotting deck where the hardware was installed, a similar problem occurred here. It is my practice when I drill a hole in the deck to coat the edge of the hole with unthickened epoxy, wait until it dries and then install the bolt through the hole. I think I failed to do this on the locations where the rot was occurring. Water seeped between the bolt and the plywood and wicked into the core of the plywood causing rot. Haste makes waste.

Hopefully I found all of the problem spots on the deck and repaired them. I think that if there were any other locations where epoxy was not properly applied in 2010 they would have been in the same shape as the spots that I repaired. One interesting note. None of the gunwale (mahogany) or the inwale (pine) was damaged, only the plywood deck. Go figure.

The Delaware River TSCA holds a general membership meeting on the second Monday of every month. Visitors are always welcome. Stop by and check us out! Meetings are normally held at the Liberty Sailing Club, 303 North Front St, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.





I trailered my work in progress Adirondack Guideboat.



Nathan Burgess showed his cradle boat, he is the new prez for the chapter, a second generation member.

Nathan (second left) with dad Doug (left) discuss Doug's skin boat with Davis Griffiths and boat builder Harold Burnham looking on. Doug is one of the original members from 1980.



## Show and Tell Night

At the North Shore  
Chapter TSCA

By Richard Honan

On the evening of April 8, I ventured up on the North Shore of Boston for the local meeting of the Traditional Small Craft Association (TSCA), which was held at the Gloucester Maritime Center. It was "Show and Tell" night with many varied projects, ranging over a completed skin on frame pulling boat, an unfinished Adirondack Guide Boat, a discussion about the Hobie Mirage foot powered assembly for kayaks, a small dory shaped child's rocking boat, similar to a rocking horse, a sweet looking 12' pea pod rowing skiff and a half model that was to be the basis for a full size double ended rowing boat. We also listened to Hazel as she asked for help in shaping her unfinished rudder for her one design Wayfarer sailboat.

Each of the "Show and Tell" participants discussed what led them to build their particular project, along with what materials they used and the problems they encountered along the way, followed by a question and answer period. Some had slide show presentations of their building process to go along with their finished projects.

Without a doubt, it was an interesting evening filled with enthusiasm, pride, questions and the sharing of boat building information. For information on this TSCA Chapter contact Richard Koolish, 212 Park Ave., Arlington, MA 02476.

Henry Szostek, another of the original members, eyes the lines of the half model he carved from which he will build his latest pulling boat. Henry has participated in all 26 Blackburn Challenge Races in boats of his own design and construction.



Hazel turned up looking for help on shaping the rudder on her Wayfarer sailboat...



...and here she's about to get some expert advice.

Henry displayed a drop in pedal drive unit from the Hobie Adventure Island trimaran. Could this be a secret weapon for his latest Blackburn Challenge effort?






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Plans by Bill King

### 2015 Raffle Boat

Here is this year's raffle boat, the Pooduck skiff, a Joel White designed skiff which is an expansion of the very popular Shellback dinghy. She is of glued plywood construction, length 12'10", beam 4'6" with a draft of 6 1/2". She will carry a hollow mast 12' in length and 65sf of sail. We are proud of the progress we have made this year as we are at least two months ahead of our work of previous years, thanks to the leading efforts of Leonard Farrauto and Burt Van Deusen.



### 2015 Schedule of Events

Our East End Classic Boat Society hosts local marine events, exhibits classic boats and conducts workshops to teach the skills necessary to build and preserve quality, hand-crafted wooden boats. We're proud of our young organization, staffed entirely by volunteers, who fulfill our mission of sustaining the skills and traditions of small wood boat building and restoration on the East End.

#### July 11: Classic Boat Fair Community Boat Shop, Amagansett, New York

This fair is our first public display of the year of classic boats at the boat shop. Our featured boat will be the Pooduck skiff, which is nearing completion in the boat shop. Raffle tickets are available for winning the Pooduck skiff and a galvanized Load Rite trailer. Many other classic boats will be on display. Boat shop members will be available to discuss wooden boatbuilding and to conduct tours of the boat shop.

#### August 8: Fisherman's Fair Springs, New York

We are delighted to be able to bring to the Springs community a display of this year's raffle boat, the Pooduck skiff. We hope our display will encourage other fair visitors to become members in our expanding group of classic boat enthusiasts.

#### September 11-13: HarborFest Sag Harbor, New York

We have an ideal location on Long Wharf, the village dock, where almost everyone who visits the festival comes by to admire the craftsmanship of the classic boats we'll have on display.

#### September 26-27: Maritime Festival Greenport, New York

Our beautiful exhibit space is located in Mitchell Park, which is on the waterfront where

## Community Boat Shop News

### East End Classic Boat Society

301 Bluff Rd, Amagansett, New York

631-324-2490

Rhartjen@hamptons.com



At the beginning of the boating season our membership drive is well underway with 60 members already responding, not only with their renewals but most have already bought their chances to win the Pooduck skiff raffle boat for this year.

New boat slips have been located for both of our sailing vessels. Every good Wednesday and Saturday members have been on hand ready to sand and paint both hulls preparing them for launching, an opportunity for camaraderie and familiarity with the shape and feel of the hulls.

the popular antique carousel is located. This festival has a great turnout. It's a perfect opportunity to talk with potential new members.

#### Fall Date TBA: Largest Clam Contest Amagansett, New York

Look for our Classic Boat Society exhibit. Enter a clam that you harvest from East Hampton waters into the contest and win great prizes! There will also be a homemade clam chowder contest.

#### October 10-11: Montauk Fall Festival

This family oriented community event takes place on Columbus Day weekend, on the Green in the center of downtown Montauk. Stop by our exhibit booth and take chances on winning the 2015 raffle boat, the Pooduck skiff.

#### New Moorings

This year the *Susan Constant* (pictured) and the *Molly Gann* Beetle Cat will be moored in new locations. The *Susan Constant*, overseen by member Bill Tucker, will be at the town dock along Three Mile Harbor Road at slip #33. This location will make it a lot easier as we enter and leave the slip. The *Molly Gann*, overseen by member Robert Vossen, will be located at Louse Point in Accabonac Harbor, adjacent to the launching ramp with a closeline type mooring.



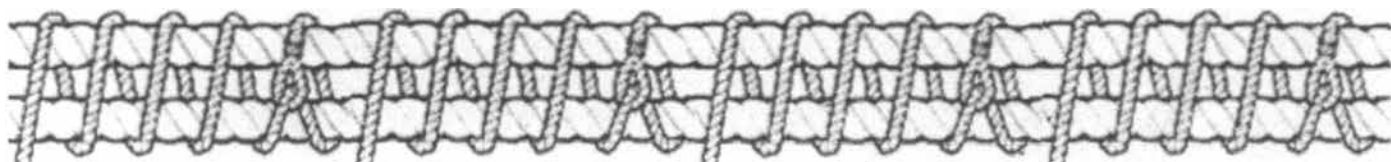
#### Ongoing Projects Herreshoff 12 1/2

The progress on this valuable restoration project is steadfast. Pictured here is the newly installed stem. Another steam bent rib has been installed. Several members are now putting serious effort into the creation of a replacement glued and splined white oak transom.



#### Dunphy Restoration

The hull inside and out has been completely stripped of varnish and paint. She stands ready for multiple coats of varnish and bottom paint. In addition, all of her hardware has been beautifully rechromed while many seats and trim have been carefully sanded and received many coats of varnish thanks to the efforts of Richie Davgin.







*Persistence* outside the museum shed.



*Persistence* being properly piped as she rolls to the slipway.—Beth Birmingham Photo



Meg Sharp from the museum christens *Persistence*.—Beth Birmingham Photo

*Persistence* dockside getting checked out and having sails bent on.



## Persistence

By Ralph G. Eldridge

As was common in Maine in the early 1900s, farmers/fishermen built their own boats. Carlton Simmons of Friendship, Maine, laid down the keel for a 26'9" long on deck Friendship sloop in 1966 and named her *Persistence*. This turned out to be an apt name for her because, after some frames were added to her keel, sickness struck his family and *Persistence* became neglected.\*

When John Lichtman moved to the Friendship area, he became a local house builder. When he saw the partially planked *Persistence* in an open field, he bought her and put her in a barn on his property. However, between family and work, *Persistence* sat untouched for about 30 years.\*

In September 2011, luck had turned for *Persistence* when John Lichtman offered to donate her to the Sail, Steam Power Museum\*\* in Rockland, Maine. Captain Jim Sharp, Chairman and Founder of the Museum, soon organized several volunteers to finish *Persistence* as a "working exhibit" for the Museum. Good luck continued with the donation by Spruce Marine, a local boat yard, of the 1923 Friendship sloop *Eagle*. She was about the same size as *Persistence*. Even though her hull had completely deteriorated, her engine, iron keel, steering gear, fittings, mast, rigging and sails all could be used to outfit *Persistence*.\*

After almost a half a century (48 years), on August 14, 2014, *Persistence* emerged from her building shed ready for her launching. Next, she was loaded onto a boat trailer and, with appropriate "piping," she headed to the launching ramp. Meg Sharp formally christened her *Persistence* and then she headed down the slipways. Finally *Persistence* was in her salt water element. After nearly a half century, *Persistence* sailed on her Maiden Voyage.

Post Script: Working exhibits will continue at the Museum with the donation by the Friendship Sloop Society of the *Blackjack*, a 33', 114 year old Friendship Sloop. Volunteers at the Museum have already begun some restoration.

\*From *The Saga of the Friendship Sloop Persistence* by Tom Hammermeister. Published by the Sail, Steam Power Museum.

\*\*Sail, Steam Power Museum, 75 Mechanic Street, Rockland, Maine.



*Persistence* off on her maiden sail.



What a beautiful day for a sail.

A happy crew with Captain Jim Sharp at the helm.



Progress has picked up after all that winter snow and days of single digit and sub zero temps. The Beetle Cat has now gotten all the floors and ribs installed and the boat has been turned over and the fiberglass cloth is being removed from the outside of the hull.

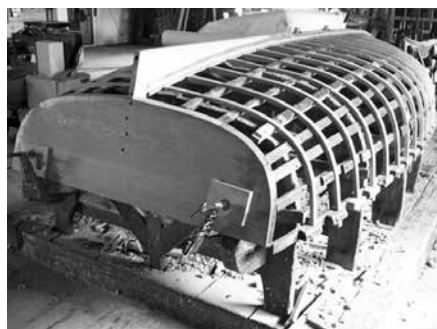


Before all that had been done, I had placed an ad in the Catboat Association online newsletter for a used mast and spars. Within 24 hours of my placing the ad, Mr Donald Phipps of Onset, Massachusetts, most generously offered me a mast and spars, along with a sail, for a very reasonable price that I could not refuse. I had planned to make them, or at least make a set that would work temporarily, but this set of spars has helped a lot and allowed me to move on to other aspects of the rebuilding. All that the used mast and spars need is some sanding and a coat or two of varnish and they will be ready to set up. Many thanks to Mr Donald Phipps. He has helped speed up the process with his kind offering of a very nice set of spars and sail.

The town of Onset, Massachusetts, is next door to Wareham, Massachusetts, the location of the Beetle Cat Boat Shop. Last summer I was in Rochester, Massachusetts, to pick up the Beetle hull that I won on eBay. I later learned that the Lowes parking lot I slept in after arriving in the early morning hours that summer day was in Wareham and across the street from the industrial park that the Beetle Boat Shop is located in.

I did not know it then, but upon my return to Onset I learned not only that, but Onset is on the other side of Wareham. This time I stopped into the Beetle Boat Shop. I needed

Building mold.



## Beetle Cat Restoration Update (or, the “Bastardized Beetle”)

### Bonus: A Beetle Cat Boat Shop Tour

By Greg Grundtisch

some parts and hardware and it worked out well. I arrived at the shop after picking up the mast and spars on a Saturday morning. I was greeted as I entered the building by Michelle Buoniconto, whose skill, knowledge and helpfulness was only exceeded by her photogenic qualities. She is also the secretary of the New England Beetle Cat Boat Association and has since signed me up for that group. They have a half dozen or so regattas annually, along with the American Catboat Association. Both are worthwhile groups of which I am now currently a member.

After securing the needed parts, I was asked if I would like to see the shop. This kind offer was from Mr Bill Womack, the Beetle Boat Shop owner. The main shop is where the catboats and some other designs are being built. The shop is set up assembly line style for boat building of the Beetles and also for other boats as well. The shop also has the capacity to build masts and spars over 40' plus on a huge turning lathe.

I was shown the room where the boats are canvassed and painted before a final inspection and then to the customer. Mr Womack also showed me where the Beetle Cats are stored for the winter. He has built several very large storage sheds with earth floors and vented sides to keep the moisture level reasonably constant to prevent excessive drying out in the off season. There were Beetles on racks four to five high and the length of the sheds, some 100' long. To see that many Beetle cats was very impressive, to say the least.

The shop also has its own drying shed where they saw and sticker the lumber used for the boats and spars. It is a very neat, clean and efficient shop that has a crew of very skilled and talented people working in it. To say it is impressive is a vast understatement. It is well worth stopping in to have a look.

The restoration of my Beetle has taken a bit of a turn in that it will not be a true exact restoration. The previous owners had made some “creative” changes that would be too costly and time consuming to change back to original, so I decided to go with the flow rather than take the boat completely apart and make a complete and true restoration.

The Beetle Cat is now, thanks to Mr Bill Womack’s interpretation, a “Bastardized Bee-

tle.” It has a ring to it, no? It will look and sail like a Beetle Cat but will have some creative changes to get the boat finished at a reasonable cost of time and money and in the water by early summer. The changes I made were done so that if a true restoration was desired it could be done without too much difficulty.

Once the fiberglass is completely removed from the hull, it will be recovered again, this time I will use the “Vaitses Method.” I should say, I will use some of the techniques of that method. I am considering covering the hull with glass matt and epoxy and then a layer of biaxial cloth. Or just biaxial cloth. I’m still deciding which will be best. The additional weight is a factor, but by using matt it will stay epoxied on indefinitely, whereas cloth can be peeled off, a consideration if ever a true and complete restoration may be desired in the future. That’s likely not going to ever happen as there have been too many changes and it may not be worth the effort.

The Vaitses system is the way to go if you plan to do a proper glass epoxy covering of a wooden boat. It lasts for decades or more and boats that have used this method are over 40 years old and still sailing. This method is used primarily for larger boats but some techniques can be applied to smaller boats. The main secret to the systems success is matt first layer(s).

So my the Bastardized Beetle project is moving along well and I would like to thank Michelle Buoniconto, Bill Womack and Donald Phipps, among others, for all their help with getting this project moving along and near completion. If all goes well the Beetle Cat should be in the water and sailing with some very happy kids by the time you are reading this. Or very soon thereafter.

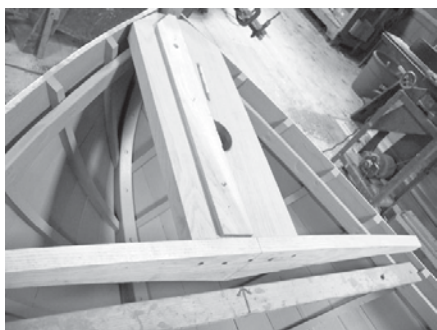
For more information about the Beetle Boat Shop you can visit their website, just search Beetle Boat Shop and it will appear with much information and photos of past and current projects. They have built a beautiful schooner and a Herreshoff Alerion, among others. Also check out the DVD titled *The Beetle Cat*, a virtual tour of the shop, but also a history of these special boats, or *Nine Lives, the Story of the Catboat*. There is some info about Beetles as well as other catboats. Both DVDs are very good and worth owning and viewing.

The next update will be the relaunch of *Joy*, the name we decided on for our Beetle Cat. She will sail with *Bitty Kat*, the little 10' catboat I built back in 2000. And with *Black Pearl*, (we may change that name), a Herreshoff Eagle. An Eagle is essentially a catboat with a sloop rig and clipper bow. They will sail with a contingent of kids (adults, too) who have no idea how much fun they will soon be having sailing catboats on the Great Lake Erie.

Caulking new Beetle.







Mast partner.



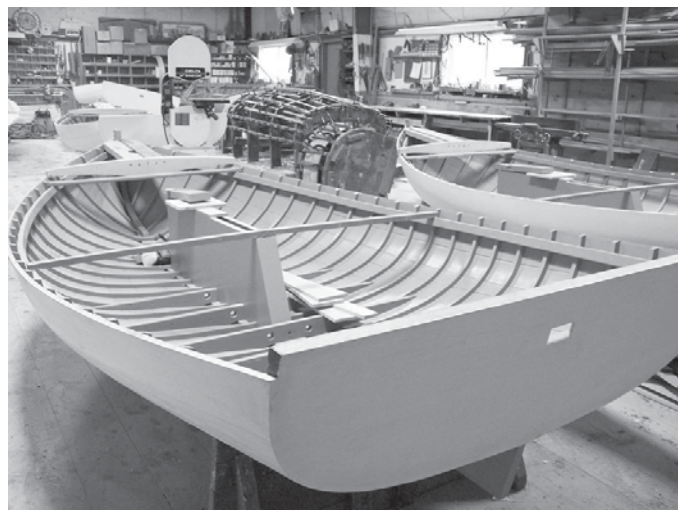
Mast partner.



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I'm not sure what led to building my Hawaiian outrigger canoe *Nai'A* (dolphin) except I was looking for something completely different. I was led to the book *Building Outrigger Sailing Canoes* with full sized plans by Gary Dierking in New Zealand (see diagram, reprinted with the permission of the author). He describes three different models of which I choose the *Ulua* (Trevally fish).

This design was inspired by Hawaiian outrigger canoes but with some modern enhancements. It can be paddled, sailed, surfed or outboard powered. It is a tacking rig much like an ACA sailing canoe, not a proa which must be shunted. The hull is rounded, which enhances speed. But this shape provides little lateral resistance, so a pivoting leeboard has been added for good windward performance. The boat steers with a paddle, or a steering oar, or a rudder. Watertight bulkheads fore and aft provide reserve buoyancy.

The ama outrigger provides stability but if built hollow can also carry ballast or cargo. A very small, optional ama is installed on the reverse side, called a safety ama, which does not normally touch the water but prevents a possible capsize on the other side. I made my safety ama from a fishing rod case filled with foam. A hiking seat is used when the wind is coming from the side of the ama. The sailing rig is a modern Hawaiian type with a crab claw sail. A brailing line folds up the boom parallel to the mast for quick furling and reefing.

A secondary objective of mine was to use as many ACA sailing canoe parts as possible. I found I could use the four meter ACA sail and mast (see photo) or the five meter ACA sail and mast, as well as the 65sf crabclaw sail (made for me by Douglas Fowler, of Ithaca, New York, see photo). My sailing canoe leeboard worked fine. The sailing canoe rudder turned out to be a little too small in area and depth for effective tacking so I made a slightly bigger one for the outrigger.

The hull was made with cedar strips planked over wooden molds, much the same as a normal canoe. The ama was made the same way and turned out to be a little more difficult to build than the hull due to the much

## Building and Sailing a Hawaiian Outrigger Canoe

By Larry Huff  
larryhuff@aol.com  
Reprinted from Canoe Sailor  
<http://canusail.org/>

lower radius of curvature. It was made from 1/2" wide bead and cove strips instead of the more normal 1/4" strips. The akas (cross beams) were curved and made laminated strips of mahogany. Overall, building this boat was about twice as much work as building a sailing canoe from scratch.

How well does it sail? The hull without the ama has no stability at all, since its cross section is almost round. With the ama, it has so much stability one can fairly comfortably stand up in the boat. Capsizing to the ama side is virtually impossible. On the other tack, the seat on the ama side is fairly far out from the hull, providing great leverage. In low wind, one can simply sit comfortably deep in the hull on either tack.

Tacking is slower than with a sailing canoe as the ama has to be dragged around, so one must turn the rudder over fairly sharply. Due to its drag the boat naturally tacks quicker to the ama side than the other side. I generally prefer using a rudder for steering, but it needs to be fairly large in area to have enough leverage, especially since it is mounted on the rear aka (crossbeam), not the stern. With a length of shock cord, the rudder is self centering so the boat can sail straight some distance without rudder input. Instead, an 8'-10' steering oar can be mounted at the same position which gives greater leverage and can also be used to scull or to prevent going into irons, but it is not self centering.

Sailing with the 65sf crabclaw sail is different than with a Marconi or lateen sail. The effectiveness of the sail is fairly insensi-

tive to the sheeting angle. It is very high up to grab the wind and the boom is also high and very long, which would be unstable in a monohull. Sheeting in more than necessary shifts the center of effort substantially and causes lee helm, and vice versa, so steering is a combination of weight distribution, leeboard position, sail position and rudder position. The sail can be quickly reefed by pulling up the boom with the brailing line and fully up is the standard reefed position for launching and landing the boat.

Sailing on the whole is more relaxing than with an ACA sailing canoe, although speeds up to 12 knots have been reported with this model. Up to now, when sailing with the outrigger with ACA sailing canoes in moderate winds I have found overall speed to windward about the same as five meter ACA sailing canoes, although I am still learning how to sail it.

Disaster strikes! On my trip to Wye Island during the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Messabout (with Bill and John in sailing canoes), my windsurfing mast snapped in moderate winds and I had to be towed back to the museum. The graphite mast was very old and probably previously repaired, so I don't think this indicated a design flaw. However, I think that a windsurfing mast is probably only marginally adequate to support the 65sf crab claw sail. I have since replaced it with a more robust aluminum mast. I also broke the connection of the ama to the aka the following day and had to be rescued. This has also been beefed up and more foam added to the boat for increased flotation. Failure of attachment of the ama is more serious as the boat has no stability without the ama properly attached.

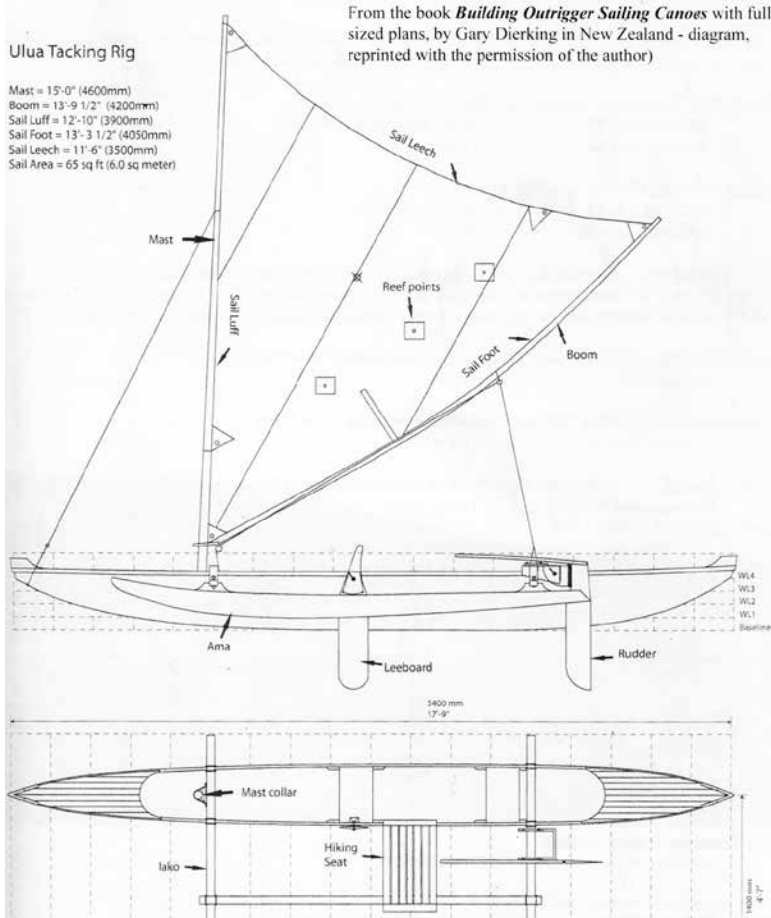
Overall, a Hawaiian outrigger takes a little more time to set up and transport than a monohull sailing canoe. The main hull weighs about the same as an ACA sailing canoe and so can be cartopped together with the ama. As I get older it may become more frequently trailered. It requires about ten minutes more time to put together or take apart. Frankly, I'd rather keep it together, stored on a sandy beach.





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Mast = 15'-0" (4600mm)  
 Boom = 13'-9 1/2" (4200mm)  
 Sail Luff = 12'-10" (3900mm)  
 Sail Foot = 13'-3 1/2" (4050mm)  
 Sail Leech = 11'-6" (3500mm)  
 Sail Area = 65 sq ft (6.0 sq meter)



From the book *Building Outrigger Sailing Canoes* with full sized plans, by Gary Dierking in New Zealand - diagram, reprinted with the permission of the author

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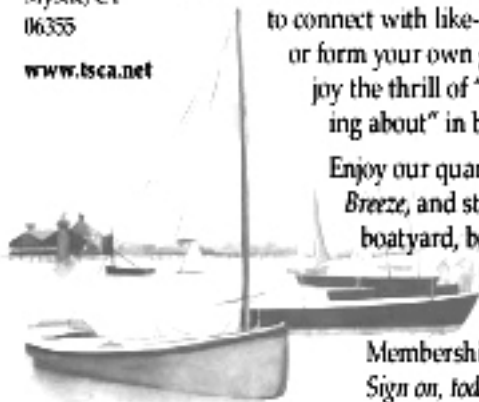
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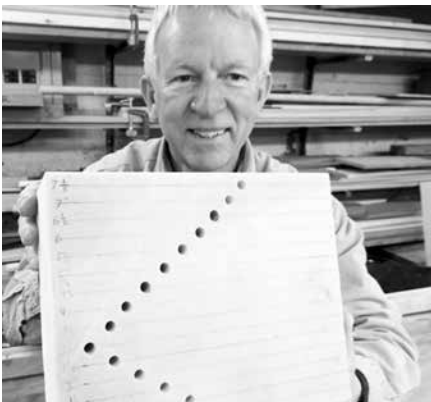
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# 20 Mile Build

By Richard Honan

Five months into construction and things are coming together. The two small deck areas have been framed in. I primed and painted the area on the deck along with the deck frames. It's a lot easier to paint those areas before the deck is fastened down. I'm using cream colored Total Boat nonskid deck paint as a finish on the interior of the hull. Total Boat paint was developed by Jamestown Distributors as their own brand of marine paints, primers and adhesives.

After much complex measuring, including inventing my own Rube Goldberg measuring gauge for the determining the height of the seats, the seat cleats have been cut and installed. Next up will be the fabrication and installation of the 1/4" thick decks.





After completing the framing of the two mall bow and stern deck areas, I turned my attention to the actual fabrication and installation of the decks. Material was  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick Okoume plywood purchased from Boulder Plywood in Somerville. Because I decided to put a small rise or crown to the deck, I had to cut a series of kerfs on the underside of the plywood to allow it to bend or flex. The two decks were set into the inwales so that the deck was flush with top of the inwales and rub rails.

No mechanical fasteners were used to hold the decks in place. RAKA epoxy combined with thickeners liberally applied to the framing combined with some unique clamping held everything in place until the epoxy set or hardened. To make the entire process a little easier, I only attached one half of the deck each day.



Some unique clamping held everything in place.



Can you ever have enough clamps?

One of the last tasks in the construction of my 16' Adirondack Guideboat is fabricating the cockpit coaming or deck trim. I sliced some cherry approximately  $\frac{3}{32}$ " thick on the table saw. Following that, I made a jig replicating the curve of the cockpit, using  $\frac{1}{2}$ " plywood and gluing alternating  $1\frac{1}{2}$ "x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wood blocks onto both faces. From there it was just a matter of clamping and adhering these thin cherry laminations together with epoxy, first on the jig and then adhering the overhang in place on the deck.

A little trimming, some shaping with the router and a little sanding and "Shazam," it's all done! If you're wondering how long this takes, don't. Boat builders know that it will take at least five times as long to do a simple job as originally estimated, sometimes as much as ten times as long. It's the end result that counts!



Cutting the  $\frac{3}{32}$ " thick cherry laminations.



Testing the flex of the laminations.



I made a jig replicating the curve of the cockpit, using  $\frac{1}{2}$ " plywood and gluing alternating  $1\frac{1}{2}$ "x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wood blocks onto both faces.

Clamping and adhering these thin cherry laminations together with epoxy.



Adhering or epoxying together the overhang in place on the deck.



The glued up (epoxied) deck coaming in the rough, awaiting some trimming, shaping with the router and a little sanding.

The finished coaming, ready to be installed.





Applying the epoxy adhesive.



Just two clamps will hold it in place.



Attaching the final piece of wood trim to my Attdirondack Guideboat boat building project. It was a piece of cherry, called "the Deck Center Capping Strip" installed on the bow and stern decks. It called for some unique clamping to hold it in place.



Planing a small chamfer or bevel on the center deck strip using a hand plane that belonged to one of my mentors, my grandfather, Anthony Bonzagni. He always painted the handles of his tools bright orange. This hand plane was old when he died in 1986 at the age of 99.

Measure ten times, cut once!

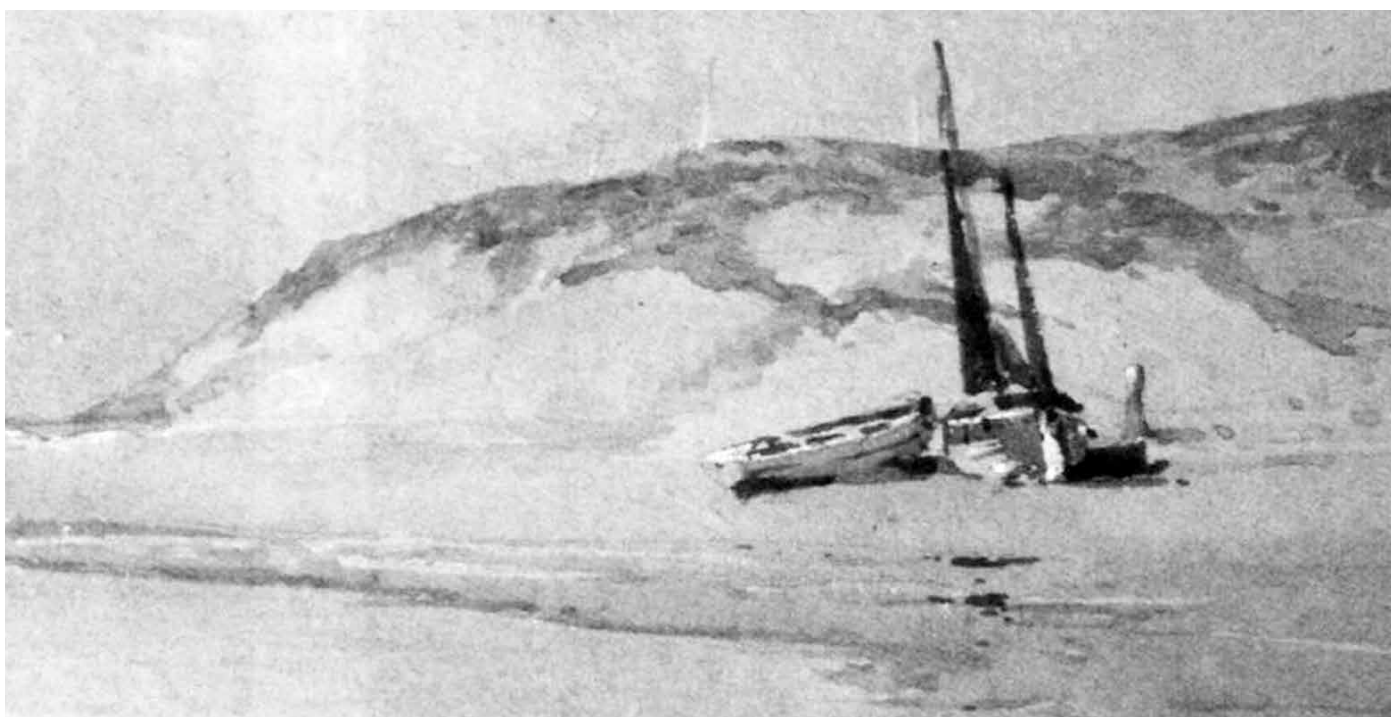


Applying the epoxy adhesive.



Clamping the finished trim piece in place.

Clamps, cramps, gramps, that's me!





“‘Twas a dark and stormy night.”

Little *Limerick* spends her days hanging around from my garage ceiling. She doesn't get into the water so much any more. But it wasn't always that way. A Ranger “Minto” built in Kent, Washington, in 1976, she comes from distinguished family. Born with solid teak seats, wales, rudder cheeks and dagger board cap, spruce boom and dead eye and lanyard standing rig festooned upon a cute as a button clinker hull rendered in fiberglass, she's a heavy little packet at over 100lbs empty. This on a fine ended 9' waterline.



*Limerick* a few years ago, getting her paint and bright work freshened up.

Kinda short to row well. Too heavy to cartop. Pretty cramped for more than one to sail. And, as a displacement hull of miniscule length, she tows something like a wounded whale.



*Limerick*, now entering her fifth decade of service, here teaching a new generation the joys of sailing.

*Limerick* has spent nearly her whole life in my care and we've had some pretty hair raising adventures. Speaking of hair. Mine was still the color it says on my driver's

## Limerick

By Dan Rogers

license during this particular adventure. And yes, it WAS a particularly dark, and a damn stormy, night.

Long ago and far away, I once lived aboard a 27' auxiliary sailboat, moored on the cold waters of Puget Sound. I'm thinking this was about 1979 or '80, give or take. Winter time. Across the dock from me was an “old guy.” Bob was probably 50 at the time. He lived on a little full keel Choy Lee sloop. They called ‘em Offshore 26's in the sales brochures. Low to the water, teak decks, wooden sticks. Kinda slow but waaaay good looking. And a big and baulky Volvo one lunker down under the bridge deck.

Bob was not only ancient, he was deaf. He could read lips and as long as I remembered to take my sunglasses off, we could carry on a pretty lively conversation. I'd regularly bug him about untying his dock lines now and then just to see if the dock would sink. Finally, one day he rather unexpectedly agreed to take an overnight trip up sound if I'd accompany him. Well sure. Why not? Let's go!

I don't remember where we went but I do remember getting blown out of the anchorage sometime during the night. It's useless to try and talk to a deaf guy over the radio. And text messages were something for science fiction still. Somehow, with little *Limerick* swinging wildly astern, I managed to get a line over to Bob's boat and took him in tow. It was one of those times Mr Volvo didn't feel like showing up for work. The conditions were not really too swell for sailing around out there in the dark, so I took an equal weight boat in tow and off we went looking for a lee someplace.

To tell the truth, I was feeling pretty much responsible for putting my friend in peril. After all, he could have been snugly moored in the marina with his TV plugged in. Instead, there we were out on a night when sane people stayed ashore, closed the drapes and ignored the wind's shriek.

As things developed, we found a sort of a lee behind Hat Island in Port Gardner Bay to the west of Everett, Washington. I anchored my boat, with the Choy Lee and the Minto astern like a mama and two baby ducks. The surge was pretty heavy and I remember actually watching the sides of my boat's hull flex inward with the pull from the anchor ahead and the two “baby ducks” astern. Not a real happy thing to watch.

The only way I was going to be able to discuss things with Bob was to shuttle back

and forth in little *Limerick*. Since the wind was keeping all of us lined up, all that took was a particularly long bow painter. All I had to do was lower myself down into that surging and yawing little boat and ease out a few fathoms of line. Then I had to repeat the process alongside Bob's galloping steed. With a flashlight under my chin I could get the message across. Simply, we couldn't stay there. It was time to run for cover. Everett was downwind and maybe an hour away.

All I had to figure out was how to keep my little menagerie from destroying itself while I concurrently ran my engine, pulled the anchor and generally kept us off the hard stuff.

That's about when it happened. Somehow, while shuttling back and forth between lurching boats, *Limerick* slipped her painter and was lost into the darkness. Poof. There one minute, gone the next. A little boat worth about twice what the car I was driving at the time was worth. Bummer? You bet. I figured that maybe someone would find the shattered hull on a beach in Mukilteo or someplace. Maybe they'd find the vessel ID number stamped into her transom and maybe go to the trouble of contacting me. Maybe. Funny what you think about when there's more pressing business at hand.

One of the more difficult things for a low powered vessel to do is tow another boat downwind, especially with a sea running. It took a while to get everything rigged and working. By then *Limerick* had been lost for maybe an hour. And then, just about the coolest thing. The overcast parted and the moon came out and, just pretty as can be, there was *Limerick* riding a crest out ahead of the flotilla. Shining in the moonlight and fairly yelling, “I'm over here! Here I am!” I guess some relationships endure because they're just meant to be. Maybe?

Showing off the fine lines and eager stance of a true thoroughbred, with Bosun the poodle checking things out.



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Back when I was sitting in my sophomore high school English class, the then future Jackie O was still deciding what color sheets to put on the Lincoln Bed in the White House. A while back. One of my biggest discoveries in that class was that not every aphorism is as relevant to the reader, as it may seem, to the writer. Good ol' Mrs Boehmeyer put it this way to all of us budding Steinbecks and Hemingways, "Some phrases are trite and hackneyed the first time they are used." Good advice. Soooooo hard to resist though.

Case in point. I'm really not sure if last night was the end of the beginning or the beginning of the end. Poor little *Punkin' Seed* has been on and off the operating table about a dozen times this spring. It was supposed to be a relatively simple spruce up and out the door. More or less an "outpatient procedure." Oops, another one of those metaphorical things. It just slipped out. Sorry about that. Anyhow.

I ordered a bucket of this kinda expensive fairing goop from Duckworks. Of course, I believed every word of the promo piece. This stuff was gonna go on like Brylcream to Elvis's hair. Smooth and buttery. Like magic. Sure. My little almost 40 year old plywood daysailer was on her way to the concours d'elegance. I just couldn't figure why nobody else had done something like this for the little spit kit sometime in all the years since the Man from Plains left a few peanut shells of his own in the Lincoln Bedroom. Smooth and buttery, I tell ya. (Like the man said, "trust meeeee...")



Well, I ran outa magic fairing goop not even halfway to the finish line. One side had a variable thickness pancake makeup look. The other side was still multi coated with spray-on primer. Yeah, I know. My sophomore year science teacher told us not to have more than one experimental variable in the stew at a time. Yours probably did, too. But life is too short not to mess around with multi variate matrices now and then. And what better place to try "something new" than on the aging skin of a 37 year old plywood boat that once lived in a chicken barn? So I ordered another bucket of goop from Chuck and shifted to some sorta small details while I waited for the Pony Express rider to come galloping up the trail with my stuff. Oops.

Another aphorism. If it ain't broke, don't fix it!!

I've been piling on the 'pox and glass tape around all the likely places water can find a way from the lake to the bilge. And when I started spreading this amalgam, there were a whole lot of those places. I've been back to the same launch ramp a bunch of times since the ice left. Poor boat never leaves the trailer. Just sort of a sitz bath. I back the trailer in, clamber aboard and mark the spots with my Sharpie pen. After about the third try a pattern began to emerge. Good ol' scientific method, still valid after all these years.

Little pools of water just sort of emerge from someplace and get deeper in about the SAME places. More like magic stuff, I sup-

## On to *Punkin' Seed*

By Dan Rogers

pose. So, I decided to really lay it on. I mixed up the last of the 'pox I had and ordered more, of course. I slathered it on every seam and crack I could find. And while I was searching for a place to rest my elbow, while sort of kneeling and leaning over in the little cockpit, I shoved my knee into one of the main stringers that pretty much holds the bottom of the boat into boat shape. And it crunched like a package of Shredded Wheat under my boot heel. This ain't good.

Funny, sorta. The innards of that mahogany stringer, lovingly mortised into those mahogany frames and lovingly copper nailed through the 1/4" marine ply skin all those decades ago actually LOOKED like shredded wheat. WET shredded wheat. And another ineluctable truth. I learned this one while serving on a couple really old navy rust buckets. "Don't chip the bilge. Because you can't paint running water..."



Well. I "chipped the bilge." In fact, I took the whole centerboard trunk out and am considering more "invasive procedures." *Punkin' Seed* has been admitted to the hospital. No more of these simple office visits. She's either gonna get a new spine and heart. Or she could die on the operating table.

I'll let you know. When I know.



*Punkin' Seed* got a "flipping cradle" today. Perhaps it's more of a reconstructive surgery rack. In order to reach all the appropriate body cavities with less than nimble hands and wrists, I built a "rolling cage" around the boat while in the upright position. Then, with the help of my buddy Jim and some mechanical devices, up she went on her side. The plan is to be able to shift from side to side, top to bottom, with the help of a shop crane and chain fall from the ceiling.



And when it's time to reinsert the 75lb aluminum slab of a centerboard (swing keel, actually) into this little girl, I'll have a shelf mounted to the cage to allow for in out fitting sessions. I imagine there will be several tries necessary. And the main surgical site on the other side is now at belt level and can accommodate an aging lower back much better than kneeling in a slopy, narrow bilge.



It almost doesn't seem "sporting" to have both sides of the problem reachable with just about any tool that may be useful. This "incision site" will be smoothed, bushed and sealed all the way to the top for the first time.

The new centerboard trunk will have mating flanges and a captive pivot pin arrangement to hold the board in place. Who knows? It just might work. Maybe even better than the standard approach. Maybe.

I think she has a chance of recovering just fine. We'll see what a few weeks of work can produce.





OK. Soo, let's call this belt and suspenders PLUS. The previous guy hung a magnificent 75lb,  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick by two thirds of a fathom long aluminum plate swing keel in a really old  $\frac{1}{4}$ " ply on mahogany lumber frame.

I guess I know why some of the leaks were so persistent. So I brought in the demolition crew and paid 'em overtime for working on a weekend. The old CB trunk got reduced to chunks. The rest got treated to my new Japanese pull saw and the ubiquitous angle grinder.



Then Sam the structural genius and I stood in the shop next to the shards, shattered bits and residual frames and we designed a sort of only one like it in the world replacement. Of course, Sam is from the part of the world that figures honeycomb and precision machining come with the price of lunch. So when he left, I sort of worked with the stuff I could lay my hands on.

So, if  $\frac{1}{4}$ " wasn't, probably, good enough, how about  $\frac{3}{4}$ "? And let's double that just in case. But here's the genius part. Maybe.

This thing is (was?) like just about every centerboard trunk in the world. It's gonna leak at all the wrong places. So I dreamed up a way to not only allow for a thrust bearing and fastener less pivot pin mount, and figured a way to assemble the trunk in two halves over the swing keel. It SHOULD not only seal, but come apart to fix it when it don't.



This is a shot of the bottom "gasketing surface" with the boat on its side in the custom rolling cradle.



And this one shows, sorta, the mating flange and multiple stiffeners in the bottom. It all has to be glassed. That is, as soon as Chuck the Duck gets back from his pleasure cruise off to Army Hole and sends me the 'pox, that is.

Lots of stuff to still mess with, but I actually think I know how to do it. Well, most of it. OK. Some of it.

### A Brief Diversion

Anyhow. I made a simple "adjustment" to *Roughneck* yesterday. Seems she was just not going to level out and sit on her "marks" without some trim ballast. I was going to use steel rebar packed tightly in the old motor sump until I checked the price of that stuff. Instead, the nice guy down at our local hardware store showed me a pallet load of winter stuff out in their back lot, it's technically April right now. April is when we get to wear short pants in the daytime and don't have to plow the frost at night. This winter stuff had a couple tons of "tube sand" with it. Just the stuff!

With the help of one of their younger guys who hasn't had quite as much time with the hand surgeon as I have, we got about 400lbs of tube sand stacked in the cockpit and old engine sump and just about all over the rest of the rear end. Tube sand decidedly takes up more room than rebar. But at a couple of bucks a 100lbs, there was an advantage to this strategy.



I headed directly down to the lake. I, of course, wore my short pants and waited for the heat of the day. The mercury seemed to top out at just north of 40° and that's not counting wind chill. Not the best time to be experimenting with whether a boat's gonna turn over or sink. But, like I said, it's still "early."

As it turned out, the wind was kicking up pretty strong and COLD, right into the launch ramp. So the revised plan was to simply do a "fast cruise" and leave the boat on the trailer with tie downs slacked and just see how she floated. Well, she didn't. Float, that is. I guess 400lbs of sand was a bit too much. Well, actually, I think that amount of ballast is about right. It's just the buoyancy problem that I need to work on.

And with water coming in past the outboard motor in its cutout stern, taking pictures wasn't real high on the priority list. So we'll have to settle for good old fashioned word pic-

tures. I just need a longer boat. But doesn't everybody? Time to build that Lucas Stern that I've been avoiding. More on that in a bit. This is supposed to be about *Punkin' Seed*.

And that's gotten a bit complicated. Most everybody in the small boat world that I know and read says that wooden boats are the best thing since sliced bread. And I've been doing my best to follow along as already described. She was gonna be a showpiece, I tell ya.

It was time for a conference with Sam, the structural genius. It's so much fun to work on stuff like this with Sam. We can talk about politics, economics, human behavior, history and even moduli of elasticity without losing track of the sketches we're making with a scratch awl on a chunk of firewood. What we were trying to figure out was the best way to save the boat and completely redesign the centerboard well. And the word "well" is rather apt, a constant source of water. So, we discussed moment arms and sheer panels and such esoterica. Sam left, and I got out my mini saw.



That was a couple weeks ago. Since then the little girl has spent a bunch of time in what I'll call the "rotisserie box." She gets tumbled from side to side, top to bottom. Fiberglass tape and cloth sections get stuck here and there. Sam's and my "stealth centerboard well" is taking shape. Completely different than anything I've ever seen anyway. And we all know what that could indicate.



Epoxy drips and runs and generally makes a nuisance of itself. And maybe in a few more days there will be something to float test. Maybe.



Just when I think I'm doing a good job this guy sends me a picture of his build, Kevin Lott's "Cortez Melonseed." I showed you his hatch cover last time. OK, Richard and Steve and even Barry, back to the drawing board. You can't let this Georgia redneck show you up with this beauty. He says that he'll be at Cedar Key in May. I hope so cause I'm going to go over this one with a fine tooth comb to see if it's really this beautiful. He even has a black sail for it. I knew Kevin was serious about a melonseed when he showed up here at the shop to see it they were as good as I've always said. He looked at everything, took pictures and asked lots of good questions. They are as good as advertised Kev.

Speaking of good melons. I tried for years to get you guys to buy the foam boat that Jim built here. Well Fland and Brenda did get it and love it to death. She's named it *Bad Seed* and hotrods it all over St Augustine Florida.



I caught Howard up painting the roof of the "Mega Yacht.. It's almost finished and we need to figure out what to do with it. Any of you need a really cool boat with a big V8?

# From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



One of the bums who stops by for a cool one once in a while is the master rigger for Panga boats. Pangas are the ultra seaworthy boats used all over the world by everyone from native fisherman to fishing guides. The factory has just started offering the bare hull for a 22' world class boat for \$6,000 at the factory in Sarasota, Florida. If you're looking for a boat like this, it's worth a thought. My 18' hull will cost me half that much and it's not nearly the hull this is.

Lance finished his foam kayak and it's the best one yet, he works at Tropicana so his is orange juice colored.



I should tell you that Lance works at Tropicana so he painted his foam kayak orange and Nicole painted Tropic Anna for him. This one is the last and the best of all of the foam boats made so far. And yes, this is latex paint, I've been telling you guys that this is not your dad's house paint anymore. It does not melt in water and is glossy.



I want a custom steering wheel for my new boat so Howard is making me one from a big block of cherry that Steve had. He's finding this stuff really hard to work on the lathe. Here he's using a grinder to get the high spots off and smooth it out. They say that cherry is easy to work but he's not finding that to be the case. This block is really hard and tight grained. Maybe because it's so big and old.



Wally's making seats for his river cruiser, I keep breaking the one rule about not helping by telling him to make them bigger.





Steve finished the rebuild of *Chelsea*, this time painting over all of the brightwork.



Real wood looks great, as seen on this canoe of his, until the sun eats it up. He did refinish the mahogany on *Chelsea* two times but that's the end, it's now wood colored latex paint which lasts forever in the sun.



Here are Steve and an old guy out in *Helen Marie*. I'm calling him an old guy in reference to another old guy, our buddy Red Sears who turned 90 last month. He was out back in one of the sheds messing around with some kind of boat thing when I got him and told him that there was an "old guy" in the Tiki Hut who was old even by his standard. I can't remember his name but he's 97 years old and still getting around. I busted out laughing when Red responded with, "Hell, lets go see this old guy." The two hit it right off and had a grand time talking about horse and buggies and outhouse days.

This beautiful kayak is a good example of why we're switching to foam boats. Wooden boats go to hell unless you store them away and never use them. This is one Kayak Kathy made years ago and finally got tired of fooling with so she turned it into a planter.



This is Red out in his little boat, *Tom Hand*, and later lounging in the Tiki Hut having a cold one, wearing his knee and shin protectors and puffing on what may or may not be a Cuban cigar. Red is a classic example of how to grow old gracefully or maybe that should be how to not grow old at all. He is an inspiration to all of us.



Our dock continues to evolve and attract more and more boaters who come along the river. This dock and our boats tied up there are like a magnet to true boaters who happen by. And us waving them in with cold drinks is hard to pass up.



Another water paint report. I pulled *Helen Marie* out last week to check things and here're photos while she's still wet. I reported about three month ago about how the new Pettit water based bottom was holding up. All I did was wash off the scum line and put it back in. Here it is again, NO barnacles at all, none. What you see here is just easily washed off slime. I just gave her a quick wash, rolled on a quick touch up from where I ran aground and put her back in. This stuff is super easy to apply, it's as thin as water.

I'm sticking this one in to encourage Howard to build one of these old timey inboards. This is a Glen-L design and he's been talking about doing one for years. I'm pushing for him to get two old jet skis and use their water jet drive systems to have a twin jet drive boat.



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## Glen L Tahoe 19

<https://www.boatdesigns.com/products.asp?dept=764>

CATEGORY: Classic Mahogany Runabouts

CONSTRUCTION: Cold Molded/Epoxy Planking

Looking for a classic mahogany runabout in a more modern theme typical of runabouts built in the period from the mid 1950s through the early 1960s? Then look no further than our Tahoe 19 and 23 designs. They exude luxury and elegance together with authentic styling cues and hull forms similar to those from the leading domestic and European builders of the time.

Note their lean lines and trim profiles with generous "rolled funnel" deck edges, coupled to near rakish elements such as forward inclined transoms and forward raked double curvature "clipper" bow profiles. These hull shapes also have even greater bow flare and sophisticated bottom shapes compared to boats of earlier decades, which result in the ability to accommodate larger motors and higher speeds.

Such hulls can't be planked with full sheets of plywood as such, and would be ugly if that were possible. While perhaps more complex as a result, their beauty is easy to reproduce using our modern wood epoxy "cold molded" planking methods. The result is a hull free of leaking joints and flex that can detract from performance and longevity. In other words, a superior boat, but still at a fraction of the cost of a new production replica or restored original, assuming you could even find one.

With our "cold molded" epoxy/ply/veneer planking method, there are no rabbets to cut, no steam bending, no caulked seams and no lofting. Bottom thickness totals 1/2" (four layers) with 3/8" topsides (three layers with the final appearance layer applied lengthwise). Planking is reinforced inside by a series of longitudinal stiffeners wrapped around husky sawn wood frames and related backbone members. The completed hull is stiff, strong and durable yet lightweight, free from rot and easy to maintain.

These boats use a single direct drive inboard motor located amidships. While gasoline power is typically used, diesel is an option as long as weight won't exceed that of the largest gasoline type that might be found within our listed displacement ratings.

However, we advise against overpowering these boats, speeds over 50mph should not be attempted at least without some trials and a backlog of experience with the boat first. If using longer "in line" motors and/or those that may be on the heavy side, we would recommend considering building the longer option hull included with both designs. Such a change is done by respacing frames proportionately so appearance features are retained. Shortening these boats, however, is not recommended.

Plans with instructions especially intended for the do it yourself craftsman include all the details along with material listing, fastening schedule and resource list to help you track down what you need. Also provided are FULL SIZE PATTERNS for the sawn frame and backbone members so lofting is not required.

Length Overall: 19'2"

Beam: 6'2"

Freeboard Fwd: 2'2"

Motor Type: V6, V8

Fuel Capacity: 30 gals

Cockpit Size LxW Forward: 2'9"x5'

Passengers: 5

Length Option: 20'5"

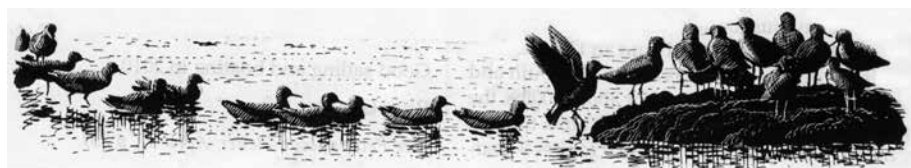
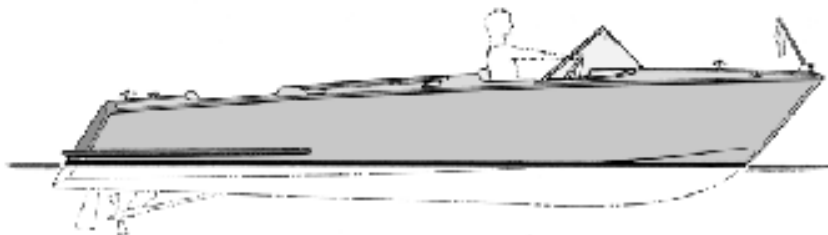
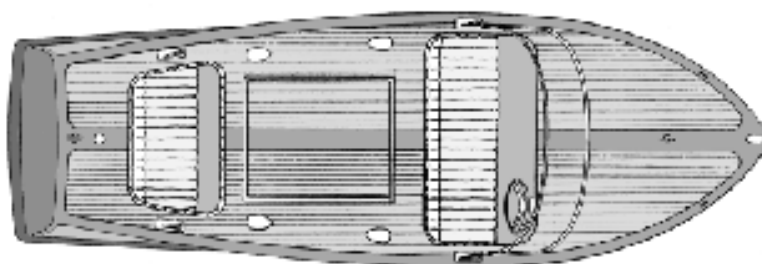
Draft w/Prop: 21"

Freeboard Aft: 1'4"

Motor cu in: 260-330

Hull Weight: approx 850lbs

Cockpit size LxW Aft: 2'4"x3'10"





I'll make a few comments about boat building for those of you who may want to jump in and build one. Some parts are fun and some parts suck and no parts are easy. I know, I've always made it sound like there's nothing to it, the thing just jumps together. I won't even get into traditional building where they don't use grinders and filler and everything has to actually fit together. That stuff is so far above my level of patience that I know I'd never get the first board in place.

The one overriding activity you'll find yourself doing more than anything else is sanding. You saw the start of this one in the April issue where I made the forms and bent the plywood around to fit. I did a little grinding but it was all pretty good. Then I started glassing, this is really a glass boat with a plywood core. I put one piece of 25oz cloth down the middle of the bottom and sanded the edges smooth the next day. Then I wrapped the same heavy cloth across the boat from gunnel to gunnel with a 12" overlap on each 4' wide piece of cloth to act sort of like frames. Then I had to sand the seams until they were smooth for the next layer.

If you've never sanded fiberglass you're in for some fun. The tiny little glass dust gets all over you and itches (yes, fiberglass is real glass). It doesn't matter what you do, it still gets to you. It was still looking pretty good so I put the next layer on, this time the heavy cloth front to back, overlapping a foot on the keel. After this layer was hard the next day, and edges sanded, I figured it was time to try to fix the bad places with filler. This brown looking stuff is filler using micro balloons and epoxy. It works pretty good and is easy to sand (easy being a relative term, how long can your arms and back hold out). Notice how pictures really distort some of the shapes.



One layer of filler is never enough, after you sand it you find all of the places you missed. Once I had it pretty good it was time for the big guns. So far the cloth schedule is the heavy 25oz regular weave with lots of overlaps to make it really strong. For the final layer I used something even stronger, triaxial stitched cloth. It's fiberglass cloth made with three layers of strands, each running in different directions and then stitched together with fiberglass thread. This layer of cloth ran front to back overlapping on the keel and at the bow. So far the bow has seven layers of this glass cloth and the rest anywhere from three to six layers. Now I had to sand the whole thing and fill and sand and fill and sand and finally roll on a coat of epoxy. So far I've used about ten gallons of epoxy.

## A Few Comments About Boat Building

By Dave Lucas



Now what? As you can see it still doesn't look smooth. It feels smooth so I decided to paint it all white so I could see how much more I had to do. Lo and behold, it's nice and smooth, thank goodness. I don't know if the boat will end up being white but for now this will do. I decided to roll some bottom paint on while I was at it, more will go on when it's on its trailer but I wanted to see what it looks like. This is the Pettit water based bottom paint, it's fantastic, easier to apply than water. I know, the sheer is wonky, I'll cut it to shape later.



Now it's time to roll her over. This can be a complicated and scary operation for most hulls. You can lose control and they fall and crack or fall and squash you. That wasn't a problem with this one. Since it's so strong and overbuilt I just hooked a couple of straps on the strongback, clipped them to an elec-

tric winch up in the rafters and pushed the up button. I didn't tell the guys I was doing this, they were doing their own things and I'd rather screw up all by myself anyway. You know our one and only rule, "don't even think about helping me." If you can't figure out how to do it by yourself you need to go back to school.

Howard and Wally walked over as the hull was going up and when it got to the top tipping point Howard ask how I was going to keep it from crashing down and I yelled, "I'm not," as I ran for my life out the end of the shop. The whole thing came crashing down with lots of crunching sounds as the molds and strong back ripped themselves apart. Steve was down on the beach with Red and heard the loud sound and busted out laughing, he knew exactly what was happening. Wally and I got a big sledge hammer and crowbar and bashed all of the internal structures out. There was no damage to the hull.



This thing looks just like a giant Core Sound, maybe I should put a big sail on it. All of this glassing and grinding and filling and sanding and sanding was a lot of work but as you know I actually like to sand if I can use power tools. All of this from start to finish took me just a week to do. I like to go out to the shop after dinner and work from about 7pm to 9pm which eliminates a lot of waiting for epoxy to dry if I do it during the day. Now to start the inside. More make it up as I go along.



First one built.



Latest 18' cabin version awaiting spring.

Back in the November 1998 issue Bob Hicks printed an article of mine describing a planned crab claw sail rigged catamaran. I didn't have a name for it and he suggested Crab Claw Cat, and so it was.

Some serious research on sail types and efficiency had been done recently (by a Brit professor in a real wind tunnel). It seemed to show the ancient crab claw to be better than all the modern rigs. So I was off on what turned out to be a 14 year adventure to see what sort of craft might evolve using this rig and modern plywood and epoxy construction. During that time my Shell Boats kept me pretty busy producing 400 some kits and a few dozen finished boats (only nine of which were Crabs). Most sailing hours logged during those years were on various versions of the Crab.

The first Crab started as a 16'x8' open boat with a crab main and mizzen. I have always liked the way a yawl or ketch can be set to self steer by balancing the sheets. The crab main worked very well but the crab mizzen was not effective as a steering sail, so self steering did not work well. Also, it was a little clumsy to stow. Although the main could be lowered neatly into the boat, the mizzen would lower into the water and had to be detached and hauled in. The crab mizzen was changed to a leg o' mutton sail like most of my other designs use. With this combination the boat handled very well.

This first prototype was extended to 18' and an aft cabin was added, providing minimal sleeping accommodation and shelter from weather. We liked the boat and used it extensively, but none were sold in the first two years so it was taken out of the catalog. The design was rescued by a customer who called about another boat and ended up ordering a Crab kit. He is an American who lives in Thailand part time. It was shipped to Thailand and built there, where it survived the tsunami after being swept several hundred yards inland.

The design went back into the catalog. The original prototype was sold and a revised 19' version was built. We are still sailing it although it has been cut in half twice and is now 23' long with rather nice accommodation. Over the next several years a few more were made, but never enough to make the design profitable, it was dropped again.

Although I was OK with that, my family wanted me to produce a new version that would be reasonable for a home builder to produce from plans. In the process of thinking about what could be simplified, I started

## Crab Claw Cat The Final Chapter

By Fred Shell, Shell Boats



Model of the original Crab Claw.

to rethink the rig. My last three designs have all been cat schooners. I tried one on our "Crab" and it's no longer a Crab Claw Cat. The new rig works better and is easier to use.

To my great satisfaction our Crab, *Life's A Beach*, has become a magnet which has helped draw our kids and grandkids back home every summer. We live just two miles from a ramp on Lake Champlain and the boat takes almost no time to set up or take down. Although my wife has been married to this boat builder for 41 years, she was never comfortable on any of my boats until the Crab showed up. Now we have taken overnight trips cruising a good part of Lake Champlain.

My crab claw quest was a failure, but it led to something much more valuable. The prototype of the new design is finished and had two short sails before Lake Champlain froze up at the end of December. It just might be the sort of boat that a lot of folks would enjoy building and sailing. Plans should be available by the time this is in print. All we need now is a name for it. "Cat Schooner Cat" doesn't sound right, any ideas Bob?

### My Favorite Rig

The cat schooner unstayed rig with sprit booms and sleeve luffs is:

Easy: to sail, to set up, to reef, to stow and to build.

Economical to build and maintain.

Safe, easily and infinitely reefable (from the cockpit, in an aft cabin design).

Very quick to set up and take down for trailering, going under bridges, motoring, sleeping or whatever.

Great performance and easy to maintain good balance. Two masts give the potential for self steering.

OK, I really do like the look of it, too.

Shell Boats LLC, 561 Polly Hubbard Rd, St Albans, VT 05478, Phone/fax: (802) 524-9645.

### Now Available: Schooner 21

Based on our Schooner 18c, this boat has all the same wonderful qualities with almost 50% more volume. It can handle motors up to 10hp and can be towed by any car you can reasonably put a trailer hitch on. In the cabin there is sit up headroom for four and comfortable sleeping for two. The cockpit can easily accommodate six. There's room in the cabin for a small cook stove, porta pottie and lots of gear. Sailing speeds of 7+ knots can be expected.





Piper Boatworks of Rye, New Hampshire, has begun building the new generation of MerryMac Sailboats. The line of 13'6" wooden and fiberglass daysailers are constructed using the original MerryMac patterns and molds created by designer/builder Ned McIntosh. Construction will adhere faithfully to McIntosh's design, which balances sailing fun, performance and safety.

An estimated 200 original MerryMacs were produced between 1953 and the late 1960s. Their design and construction has stood the test of time, with many of the original numbered fleet still plying the waters along New Hampshire's seacoast and far beyond.

The MerryMac is 13'6" long, 5' wide, draw less than 6" of water, carries 90sf of sail and is the epitome of simple sophistication. Designed with an eye towards both ease of use and maintenance of the vessel, its limited number of components decreases the potential for problems on the water and limits the need for maintenance. Its straightforward design makes the joy of sailing accessible to a wide audience without compromising performance on the water.

The MerryMac is a free standing Marconi rigged catboat with a halyard and a mainsheet that are easily rigged and managed by sailors of all skill levels. Comfortably sailed by one person or with multiple passengers, the boat's 20' mast was designed to be handled by both male and female sailors. The mainsail can be reefed from a seated helmsman position.

The MerryMac is unique in that the open cockpit allows those on board to sit inside the boat, reserving the side deck and rail for

## New Generation of MerryMac Sailboats



when the wind or the competition is up. This affords the comfort, performance and safety of a real cockpit, which is unusual in a small boat. The open layout of the cockpit makes the space versatile for different configurations of passengers and gear.

"The original MerryMac was designed to get more people out on the water in a boat that was fun, easy to use and safe," notes Nate Piper, owner of Piper Boatworks. "We are excited to have the opportunity to introduce a new generation of sailors to these versatile boats."

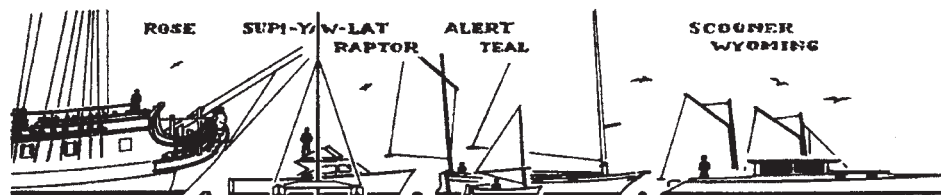
Piper Boatworks will also be producing replacement parts and components for those 200 numbered originals currently in use. All current and past MerryMac owners are invited to participate in an online archive project, which will detail the ownership histories and stories of the MerryMac fleet.

For more information about the new generation of MerryMacs or to participate in the MerryMac archive project, visit [www.merrymacboats.com](http://www.merrymacboats.com).

### About Piper Boatworks

Piper Boatworks is based in Rye, New Hampshire. Owned and operated by Nate Piper, Piper Boatworks offers new construction, repair and project management services. Piper Boatworks is the only authorized builder of new MerryMac sailboats and replacement parts and is developing an online archive of information about the original fleet and new generation of MerryMacs. For more information, please visit [www.piperboatworks.com](http://www.piperboatworks.com).





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Yes, I had implied possibly doing actual boating after this long winter here. Not ice breaking, actual boating. Instead, it is twin screws?! In another study on that 40' hull. Two propellers driven by mighty two cylinder, 1.55 liter Diesels putting out, say, 27hp in continuous duty at around 2,800rpm. If we want to retain those 16" wheels, then we'd probably look at 2:1 in the gearbox and another 2:1 in the sail drive, all subject to more serious examination.

We certainly could do this Aft Cabin layout with just a single three cylinder unit on centerline turning the sail drive in this C drive configuration as, e.g., shown on Model 5, the Diesel Workboat. But exploring the more expensive twin set up seems interesting. Putting a combined approximately 55hp into the water through two largish propellers might be one of the most efficient ways to move her at full hull speed. And in protected waters at moderate cruise speed for instance, we might just run on one of the engines at peak torque, doing cylinder deactivation by just shutting down one of the engines going from four to two cylinders for fuel savings and keeping unit hours low.

Some would favor twin engines because of assumed extra reliability. Others might

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Another Preliminary Study for  
 Windemere-40  
 40'3"x8'6"x2'6"x2x30hp Diesel  
 Part 7  
 Model 7 Aft Cabin  
 Center Cockpit Cruiser

claim that more than one engine just adds that much more potential sources of things breaking down, as apparently first Trans Atlantic flyer Lindbergh is said to have justified his single engine plane with. Probably just being obsessive with keeping the fuel supply perfectly clean and with a regular oil change regime to match, having two engines aboard should offer one as get home power in case of some catastrophic mechanical failure on the other, or just damaging that prop.

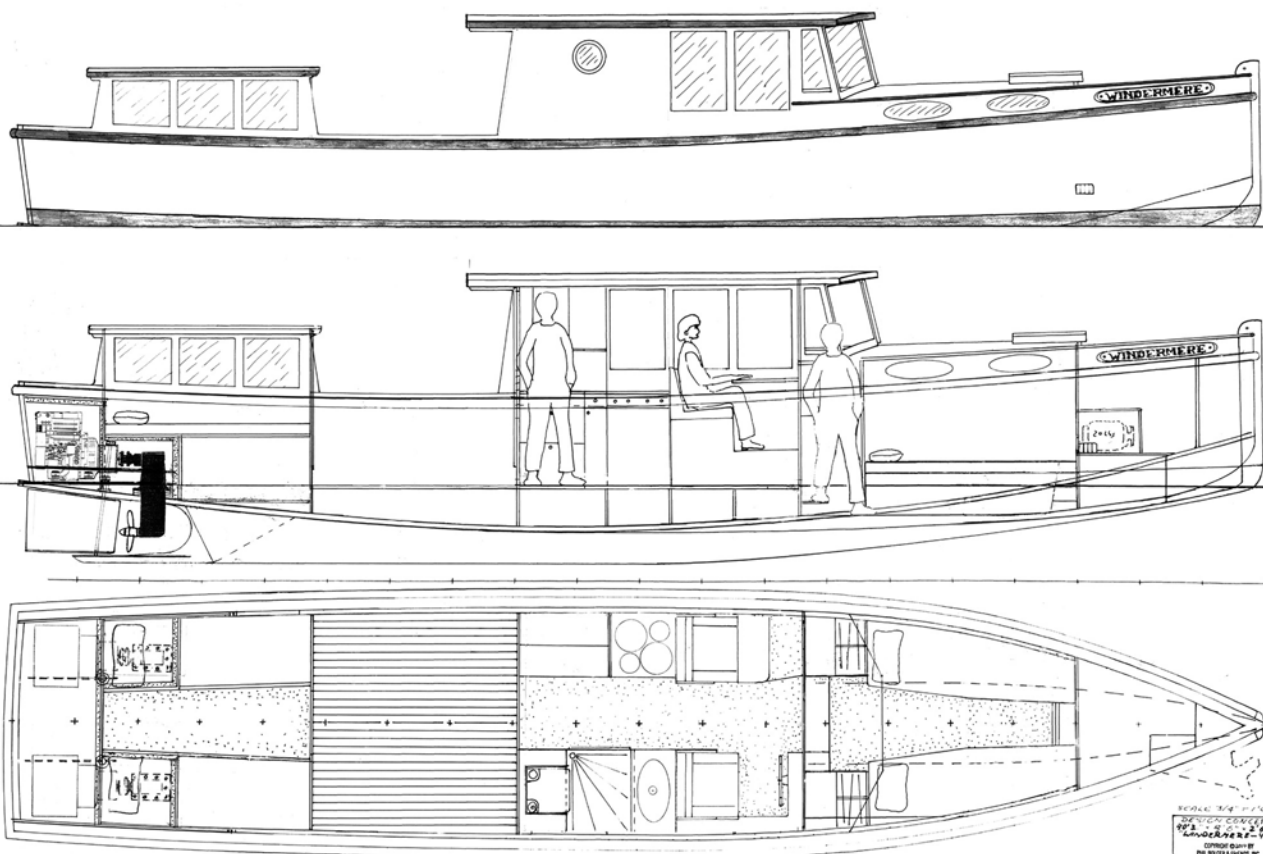
Those large offset rudders may need further thinking, although the point is to allow kicking her stern around with the inside engine without the hard over blade extend-

ing past her topsides, a consideration in tight quarters. Usually the prop would blow aft without much of any rudder in the way until we really want it. That relatively lower drag, of course, may be nixed by the extra wetted surface of those big surfaces.

And then there is the bulk of the skeg ahead of each prop to protect it and the sail drive. Sure would be extra hassle to build. On the other hand, having a three point geometry to sit her down on would be more handy than always falling over by 10°-15° when the falling tide leaves her dry. Yes, we could use legs on the single screw geometry. And so we can amuse ourselves with pros and cons, spreadsheet comparisons, near religious disputations.

We can argue about the highish aft cabin silhouette. Tilting the engines down some, thus moving the sail drives perhaps 3"-4" lower would allow lowering the bunk level and thus reduce that cabin's bulk by that much. But since we can't just saw off matching slices from the sail drive unit, we'd add that much to her draft of already 2'6" over her keel and skegs. More pros and cons?

Well, without curtains drawn, those large windows can be looked through aft without much aggravation from a low set of chairs in the center cockpit. And from the





helm sitting or standing, the view over the cabin top is no challenge. What seems at least initially a decent side effect is that no hatch has to be cut into that aft cabin's top if we can accept 4'10" of door height. And with the sole 6" below the cockpit's and the forward house's you arrive at 5'4" of headroom, good enough for quite a few, and certainly grand for children for whom the aft cabin seems just perfect to separate generations aboard at least for a few hours at a time.

The center cockpit measures about 6'5" in length, thus suggesting occasional #5 and #6 guests to sleep on the sole, or to build in

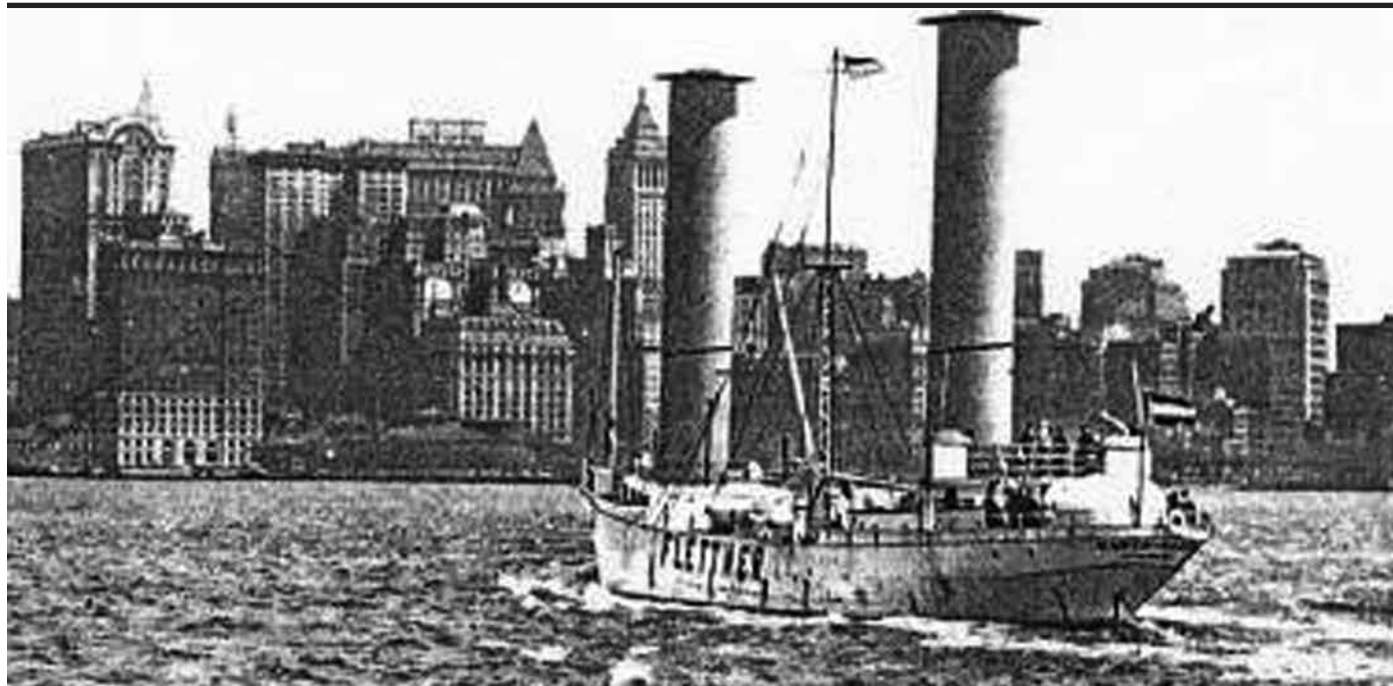
fold down bunks to serve as daytime settees. Headroom under the overhang, as in the house forward, is up to 6'5". And ingenious geometries can be dreamed up to solidly close in that volume with canvas, screens and some supporting bows and lots of snaps, toggles or whatever they are called.

The house now just offers the head, the galley, and pilot and co pilot positions. And with folding or sliding doors we could certainly get decent privacy in the forward cabin. Shown with two separate berths, there is easy access forward to get into the small bow cockpit to deal hip deep with ground tackle.

Headroom between the berths is about 5'3". Of course, for the night, a big filler piece will produce a rather comfortable 6'6"x6' area on which to contemplate together the coming breakfast menu, world peace or something.

One could fine tune this layout quite a bit further. And the looks. Sure, want to add a dinghy across her stern, plus perhaps one on the house top to have no one marooned on her? Then masts, flagstaff, lightboards, spotlight, shiny honking horns, pretty things.

However, while delayed some, for now not by snow though, I am still serious about actually going boating. Should work out this time.



A Flettner ship is a ship designed to use the Magnus effect for propulsion. To take advantage of this effect, it uses rotorsails which are powered by an engine. The Magnus effect is a force acting on a spinning body in a moving airstream, which acts perpendicularly to the direction of the airstream. German engineer Anton Flettner was the first to build a ship which attempted to tap this force for propulsion. Flettner's spinning bodies were vertical cylinders, the basic idea was to use the Magnus effect. These types of propulsion cylinders are now commonly called Flettner rotors.

His first idea was to produce the propulsion force by using a belt running round two cylinders. Later Flettner decided that the cylinders would be better rotated by individual motors, thus avoiding power losses from the main engine. Flettner applied for a German patent for the rotor ship on 16 September 1922.

Assisted by Albert Betz, Jakob Ackeret and Ludwig Prandtl, Flettner constructed an experimental rotor vessel and in October

## Behold the Flettner Rotor-Sailer

1924 the Germaniawerft finished construction of a large two rotor ship named *Buckau*. The vessel was a refitted schooner which carried two cylinders (or rotors) about 15m (50') high and 3m (10') in diameter, driven by an electric propulsion system of 50hp. In 1926, a larger ship with three rotors, the *Barbara*, was built by the shipyard A.G. Weser in Bremen.

Following completion of its trials, the *Buckau* set out on her first voyage in February 1925, from Danzig to Scotland across the North Sea. The rotors did not give the slightest cause for concern in even the stormiest weather and the rotor ship could tack (sail into the wind) at 20°-30°, while the vessel with its original sail rig could not tack closer than 45° to the wind.

On 31 March 1926, the *Buckau*, now renamed *Baden Baden* after the German spa

town, sailed to New York via South America, arriving in New York harbor on 9 May. It was found at the time that the rotor system could not compete economically with the diesel engines that were also being developed for ships in this era. Flettner turned his attention to other projects and the rotors were dismantled. *Baden Baden* was destroyed in a Caribbean storm in 1931. Due to the rising cost of fossil fuels, as well as environmental concerns, there has been renewed interest in the concept in the later 20th century, starting with Jacques-Yves Cousteau's *Alcyon* in 1983.

Several types of rotor ships can be distinguished, similar to sailing ships. Both rotor sail assist (hybrid) ships exist as well as rotor sail only ships. Wind Ship Development Corporation has also worked out two types of sail assist setups for use with different ships sizes. Most rotor ships have a system with an electric motor which allows the stopping or initial starting of the rotor by the crew. This allows the crew to control the rotor's rpm and direction of spin.



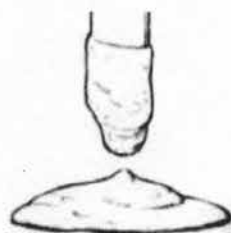
# Fairing Basics

By Jeff Wright

The goal of fairing is to create a surface without bumps or hollows.

Reprinted from Epoxyworks  
Bi-Annual Journal of Gougeon Brothers Inc.  
Free Subscription from: [epoxyworks@gougeon.com](mailto:epoxyworks@gougeon.com)

Fairing Compound should be of a consistency that can be troweled onto a surface without sagging. Add 407 Low Density or 410 Microlight filler to mixed epoxy, checking the consistency as you stir in the filler to determine if the mixture has the correct viscosity for your application.



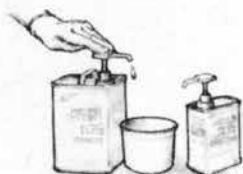
Catsup Consistency



Mayonnaise Consistency

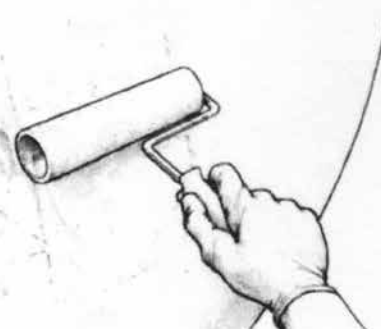


Peanut Butter Consistency

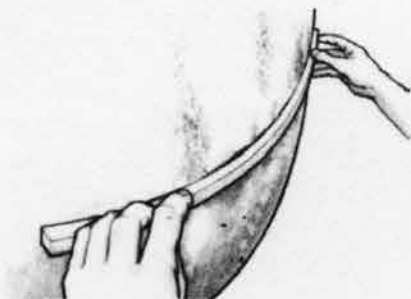


When selecting your hardener, consider the required working time, the ambient temperature, amount of epoxy that will be mixed, and desired cure speed.

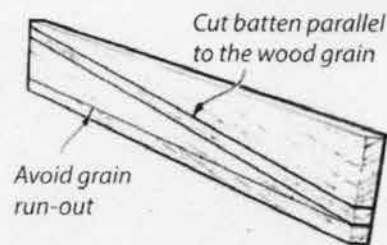
Highly thickened fairing compound mixtures will have very little epoxy available to wet the surface of the hull and may be an issue on porous surfaces such as wood. To ensure good adhesion with highly thickened mixtures, apply a thin coat of unthickened epoxy to the surface before troweling on the fairing compound. The fairing compound can be applied right after you apply the unthickened coat, but you may want to wait until the unthickened coat becomes tacky so a thick application of fairing compound does not slide on the surface.



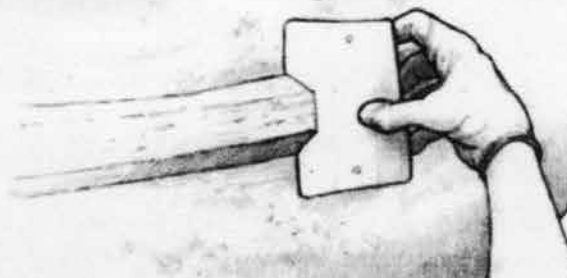




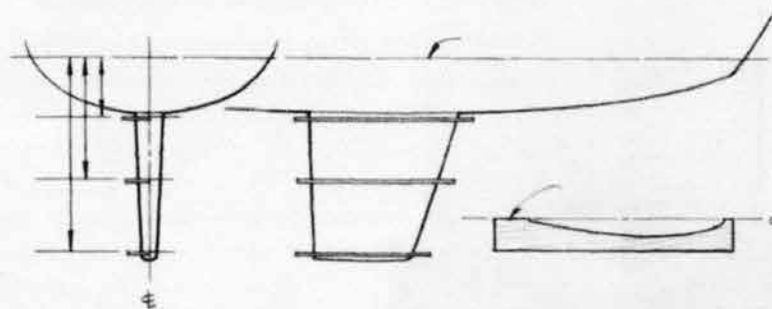
Use a chalk and a batten (a long, flat, strip of metal, plastic or knot-free wood) to find the low and high spots on the surface, then decide whether to proceed by filling in low spots or removing high spots.



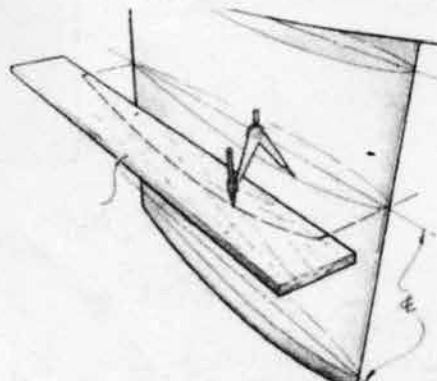
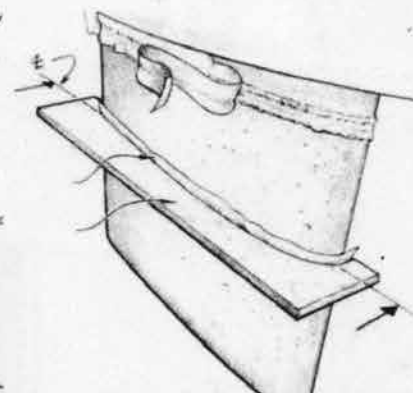
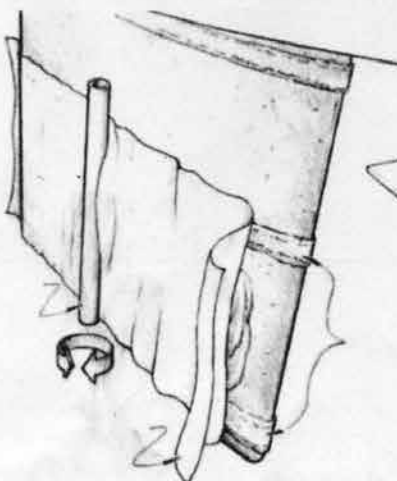
After marking the low spots, use a spreader with a notch to create a "guide." After a strip of fairing compound is applied, the batten can be wrapped in release fabric and placed into the fairing compound. After these strips cure, fairing compound can be applied between them to fair in the entire surface.

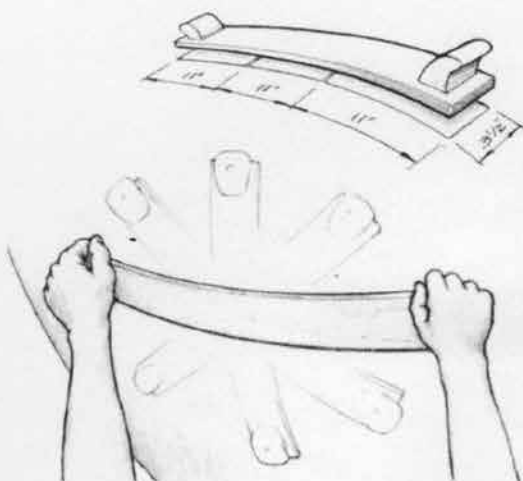


Reduce sanding by applying the first layer of fairing compound with a notched trowel. Only the top of the ridges formed by the trowel will be cut by the sand paper. A second application will fill in the valleys.



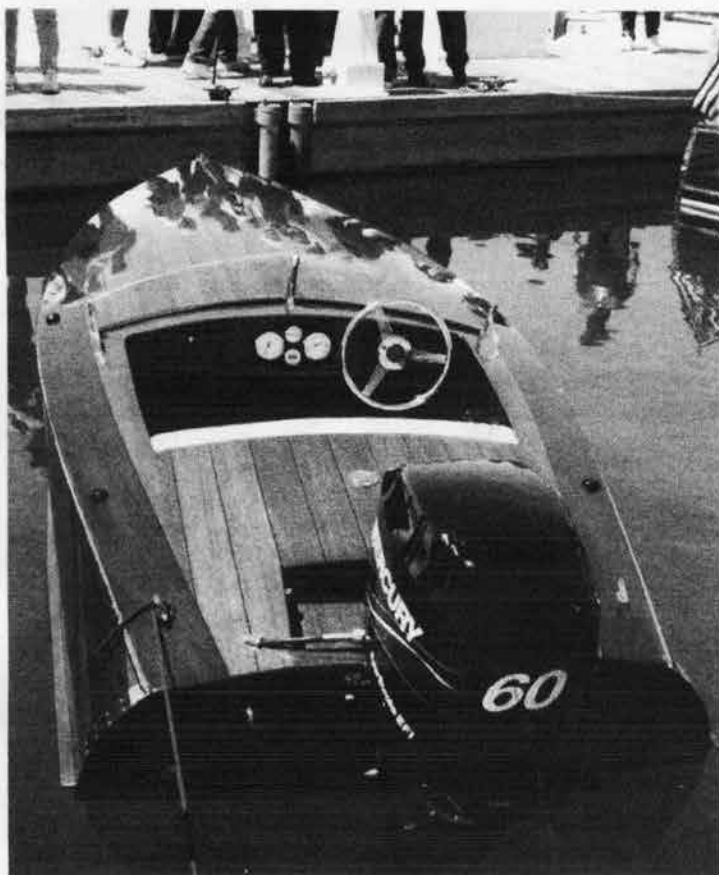
Templates are very useful when fairing foils and can be created from a drawing or a surface. Tracing the shape onto a board gives you a rough shape and then a batten can be used to make it a fair curve. The template can be used to form guides to assist in the application of fairing compound on the rest of the foil's surface.



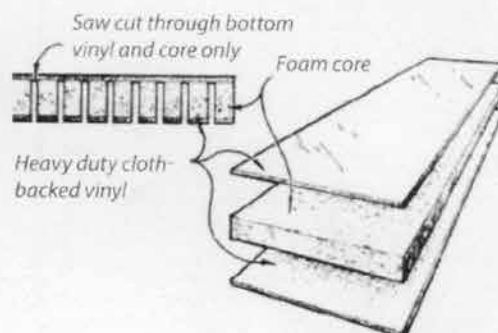
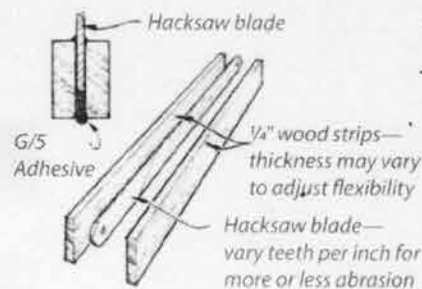


When removing material is very important to use a "long board" which you may have to make yourself. The sanding board must be flexible enough to bend, but stiff enough that it will maintain a fair curved when it does flex. In many cases automotive type body work tools will be too short and dual action rotary sanders should be used only for creating a profile on the surface.

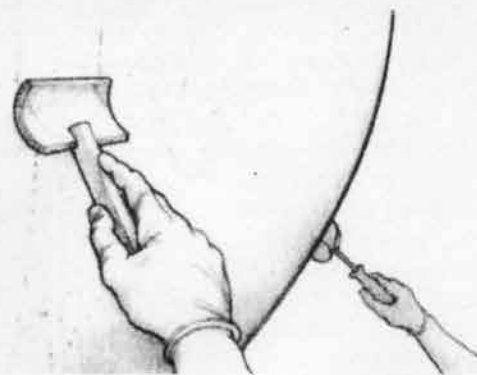
Even on wooden boats, proper fairing and finishing is important. Note the mirror like finish on RASCAL, a 14'10" runabout built by Steven Gembrowski. His build was featured in Epoxyworks 24.



Scrapers are a great tool for removing drips, runs and ridges because they will only cut away the protruding surface defect. They can be purchased, or made from hacksaw blades.



Custom sanding tools may be required for gunwales, toe rails and style lines. This example shows a tool that only flexes in one direction and could be used on the chine of a round bilge hull.



When all the fairing is completed the surface often consists of a combination of fiberglass laminate, fairing compound and old paint or gelcoat. By applying a coat thickened epoxy to the entire surface a more uniform and stable surface will be created ensuring an excellent surface for the final finish.

EPOXYWORKS



Over the objections of a large number of users, LORAN-C was disabled by the US government as obsolete equipment, the function of which could be taken over by GPS. After some initial problems with accuracy and "return to point" capability, GPS became the standard for electronic navigation. Now there is a move underway to reconsider the use of LORAN using the eLoran system. Public comment was requested regarding implementation of eLoran in the US in a Federal Register notice placed on March 22, 2015. What will come of this endeavor is yet to be seen, since the push for eLoran was started in 2009. Anyone interested in this alternative navigational aid can look up "International Loran Association" with their web browser.

Although it may never get down to our recreational boating craft, Intersleek "425," "700" and "900" series coatings are designed to deliver a slippery covering that prevents organisms from attaching (if the vessel is sailing faster than 10 knots). Then there is the "Sigmaglide 1290" product designed to prevent fouling at lower speeds.

One of the "joys" of working on wiring connections on a boat is getting the little screws out, if the wire lug is a ring connector. I have used a small, framed aquarium net bag to catch the screw if it falls free, but usually the screw seems to bounce off something and miss the bag. Finding a non magnetic screw in the bilge is not easy! In most cases, if I get things apart and do not lose the screw, I cut a side part of the loop of the ring connector large enough to slide around the screw and make a modified flanged spade connector. This approach is not recommended, but it works and gives a better connection than a straight flanged spade connector. Getting the screw back in place without the ring connector in the way is much easier than trying to put the screw back on with the connector (and the wiring thereto) in place.

One of the "nautical" rope skills one may learn is how to make a "monkey fist,"



the weighted knot on the end of a line which facilitates heaving said line to another vessel or to shore. In some cases, the weighted monkey fist is on a short piece of line with an eye splice at the other end to attach to the line being heaved. This way the line can be used after detaching the monkey fist. I have read accounts where the messenger line was heaved using the monkey fist. The messenger line was attached to the heavier line to be used to secure the vessel. One could end up with a lot of line at the attachment point before being done.

It seems (when on a short piece of rope) that such an item can also be considered a weapon and as such were called "slungshots." At present, Florida law defines a "slungshot" as a small mass of metal, stone, sand or similar material fixed on a flexible handle, strap or the like, used as a weapon. They were banned in Florida in 1868 because sailors were using them as weapons in fights. The law (Florida Statute 790.09) states that, "Whoever manufactures or causes to be manufactured, or sells or exposes for sale any instrument or weapon of the kind usually known as slungshot, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor of the second degree."

However, one can find the slungshot on the web being sold as a self defense weapon attached to key chains (although as such it may be considered a "concealed weapon" and would be illegal in a number of states). According to an article in the *Tampa Tribune* by James L. Rosica, there is a bill to repeal the 1868 law. If it passes it will be legal to

have a monkey fist on a short piece of line on your boat again in Florida.

An acquaintance was talking about a boating experience that we could probably all live without. The owner had acquired the boat a little while before and this was the first nighttime cruise. After loading everyone on board and getting the diesel engine to start on a rainy night, the owner of the boat did not make sure all the lines had been cast off before putting the boat into forward gear. The boat went forward a few feet, jerked a bit and kept on going out into the river. Left behind was one of the stern cleats and four holes in the deck. Later review of the damage showed there were no backing plates under any of the cleats. After heading on out, the owner could not find the switch for the navigation lights (it became a short cruise). It was one of those cases where the expense of a marine survey before (or after) purchase probably would have been a good investment. There is also, of course, the use of a checklist to make sure something important has not been forgotten (like all lines untied or navigation lights on).

I read an interesting account of a ship sinking primarily because the bilge pumps failed and the leaks could not be fixed. It seems that a lot of boat owners look at the bilge pump as a solution for rainwater removal rather than as another safety item on their boat. If the damaged area can be reached, a lot can be done to lessen (or stop) inflow of water into the boat, if time is available. The working bilge pump is what will provide that time. Some people (if their insurance company will allow it) have a "Y" valve in the intake of the raw water pump with a hose to a strainer in the bilge. Opening up the "Y" valve and shutting off the raw water seacock can provide additional pumping capacity to give more time to fix the problem (or get to shallow water and ground the boat). If the strainer from the hose to the bilge clogs, one goes back to the outside raw water intake while cleaning out the strainer before going back to fixing the inflow problem.



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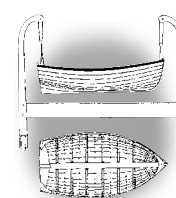


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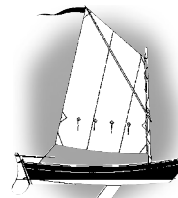
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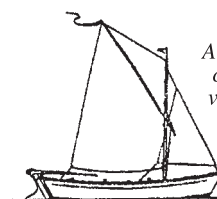


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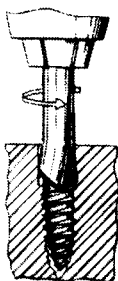
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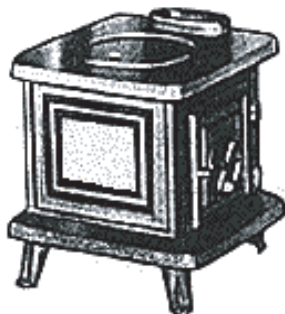
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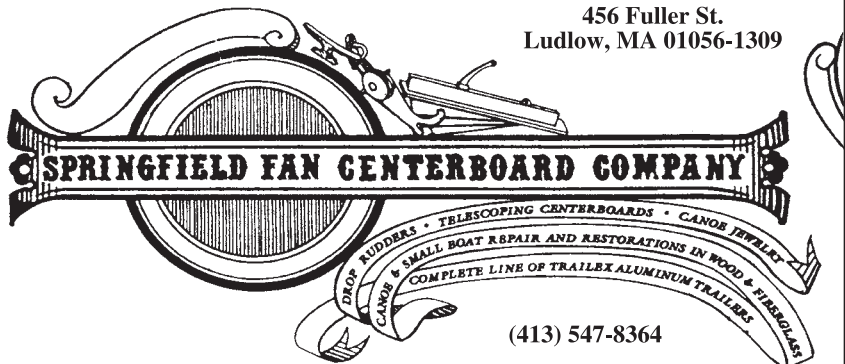
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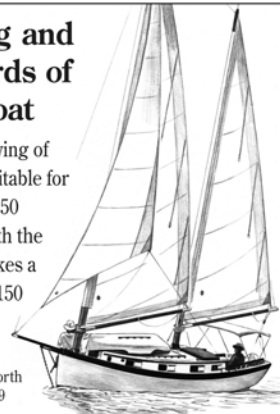


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**'01 12'4" Compass Classic Rainbow**, *Karin Elizabeth*. FG replica of classic wooden catboat. Loadrite galv trlr w/spare wheel & tire. North Sails sail, Danforth anchor, pump, jiffy reefing. All in gd cond. Boat sailed only in fresh water on Mousam Lake, ME, winters in garage. \$4,000. MAT LEUPOLD, Wayland, MA (508) 358-4897, matleup@comcast.net (7)

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**Bolger Bantam**, launched in '06. Lengthened to 22'. 25hp Yamaha HT. Aluminum single-axle trlr. Featured in *MAIB* series in '07 and Duckworks in Jan '08, "A Winter in Florida". \$8,000. BOB, (218) 343-5887, otter55806@yahoo.com (7)



**Beetle Cat**, waiting to be restored. Must be picked up in Old Lyme, CT. JIM NORDEN, jfnorden@gmail.com (6P)

**Blackwatch #52**, FG, 24' LOA, 18.5'x7.5'x 2' draft, fixed long keel, built by Blue Water Boats in Amarillo, TX in '80. White hull, no damage. Brite mahogany trim, interior, bowsprit & companionway drop boards. Sails & rigging gd. LED lites for int., nav & anchoring. '14 Tohatsu, 6hp, 4-stroke, Sailpro model. New claw anchor w/chain & nylon rode on bow mount. Gd ablative bottom paint. Tiller steering, also has sst. wheel steering pedestal (Edson type) that new owner may install if desired. Galv trlr is exc w/new bearings, LED running lites, good tires, ready to go. Clear title. Asking \$8000 MIKE HOWSLEY, DeRidder, LA, (337) 462-9384, mhows@ymail.com (7)

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LARRY HAFF, Westborough, MA, (508) 981-1302, larryhaff@aol.com (7)

**Menger Oysterman 23 Skipjack Ketch**, w/trlr, sails, Main, Jib, Mizzen. Older Johnson 9.9 o/b All spars & standing rigging. Running rigging needs replaced. Needs cosmetics & some minor work. \$4,500 OBO.

BOB, Hollywood, MD, (301) 373-4988 (7)

**15' Montgomery**, dark blue, tanbark sails w/ newish 6hp Mercury 4-stroke on custom fitted trlr. \$5,850. Located in southwest VA. email for photos and more inf.

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**Compac 19'**, '92, LOA 20', Beam 7', Draft 2'. Marconi rigged shoal draft sloop in Bristol condition. New sails: 196sf area w/main, jib and Genoa; incl new sail/tiller covers. Custom upholstered cabin interior w/4 berths, radio, stove & portable head. "SunBrella" cockpit cushions, compass, depth meter and deck mat. Teak in very nice shape. Hull treated with CopperPox bottom paint. Engine: Honda 5hp 4cycle ob w/very low time & spare gas tanks. No trlr. A real pocket cruiser, this sloop is great daysailer and overnighter w/large, dry & comfortable cockpit. \$7,750. CARL FERENCE, Fallston, MD, (410) 877-3320. (6)

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**26' MacGregor Sailboat**, '96, w/trlr & 50hp Tohatsu o/b, currently registered and in gd cond. Sails fair but useable, roller furling jib. Not used past two years, will need some TLC. Call for details. Can deliver reasonable distance. TONY TESORIERE, Hanford, CA, (559) 584-7664. (6)



**Flying Fifteen**, by Uffa Fox, glass hull, needs deck. \$500. (860) 536-3325. (6)

**Alden Ocean Shell**, single, 15'-6", red & white w/Oarmaster sliding seat assembly & carbon fiber Delta oars. All in vy gd cond. \$1,300. VALMAR THOMPSON, Edgcomb, ME, (207) 882-7637. (6)

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**11' Rowboat**, designed & built by Ed McClave ca '80. Cedar on oak. W/oars. \$2,750. (860) 536-3325. (6)

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**9'-10' FG Dinghy**, pram bow, in New England. [moonshadow\\_2@juno.com](mailto:moonshadow_2@juno.com) (7)

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They have made profit making innovations by almost entirely eliminating shows. At one time it was essential to pound the roads to get the word out....40 shows each year...now it is essential to build boats as fast as we can....while insisting that quality continues to rise.

We've thrown away Dave's website....\$34,000 bye bye....but we have retained all that was so right about it...and reduced our maintenance fees on it by \$4000 each year. We have become media savvy....not by us learning how to do it, but by us partnering with extraordinary people who know how to do it. We'd like to write more but we've got to get back to building boats.

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